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SUITED & SATISFIED
Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all

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JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to your Door. These goods have been chosen for value. Study each quality and value. Write your name and address by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

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To all who WRITE NOW for our BARGAIN LIST and ORDER WITHIN 10 DAYS! The wonderful MIRACLE 2, 3 or 4-Valve Sets, all complete ready for listening-in, yours for 5/- down. One or More-type Loud Speaker. Astonishing results. LISTEN FREE



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WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY

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FLANNELS

To introduce our bargain list to JOHN BULL readers, we offer these well made, hand wearing, guaranteed cut, medium grey flannels at 5/11, 28-40 in. waist. Money refunded if not as sold at double the price. Also SILVER GREYS, 9/6, post 6d. Honestly worth 12/6. 28, 32 in. bottom. state size of waist and inside leg. Also D.B. flannels, 12/6, post 6d. (usual) 17/6 quality.

SAREL'S STORES
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POSTAGE 6d.

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Complete except noise—with connectors for broom sticks, 5/-

Set of Poles with extra connectors 5/-

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ASTOUNDING BARGAIN SPECIAL CLEARANCE OFF FLOOR COVERING

72 sq. ft. 15/-

SAMPLES FREE.

DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF
THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or joints required. 72 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths per roll. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

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Cash Paid 5/- or 10/- down and 11 monthly payments of 5/6. Model 22. Beautifully mahogany finished cabinet, 40 in. high (see illustration) but not inside! Complete with DOUBLE SPRING 3-reed "valley" Motor, and New Metal Sound Chamber. Full, rich tone and enormous volume. Send NOW for 12/6 Catalogue, or call and inspect FULLTONE GRAMOPHONES, 1920 LTD., (Dept. J.B.11), 73, Cannon Rd., London, E.W.1. Also 100, High St., (N), E. Ham. 24, High Rd., Tottenham, St. George St., Croydon, and Bolton, Liverpool, Glasgow and Manchester.

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Over 40 in. waist 12 in. extra. These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and as TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACEMENT SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, each refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's ready bargains.

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'FULL VALUE FOR MONEY'

"Your 'John Bull' Pen has been in constant use for three years—it is full value for money and has given complete satisfaction." Mr. Geo. A. Murray, 11, Garden Place, High St., W.1, Sunderland.

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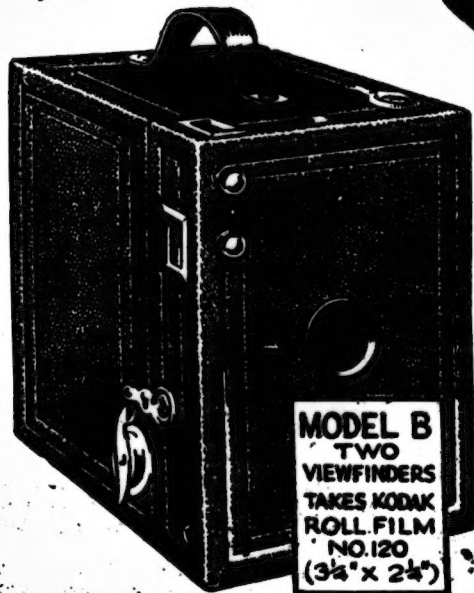


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JOHN BULL

For the People—

—the Right to Justice and Truth



"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

"L.G.'s" Bargaining Points—Tory Servitude Costly Ballyhoo—Coal Clouds

Stay at Home

ALL is hopeless confusion at Westminster. Our voting system has resulted in a complete deadlock. No Party or possible combination of Parties can carry on government for long.

Mr. Lloyd George, it is true, holds the balance of power, but by throwing it in with Conservatives their joint forces have only a paper majority, which cannot last long.

Obstinate

On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George could enable the Labour Party to govern for a year or two. But he was and is reluctant to help it unless it will promise to reform the electoral system.

He points obstinately to the number of Members returned in each Party in proportion to the votes cast, and asserts that nobody will get his support who will not undertake to remedy this "constitutional scandal," as he calls it.

Their death struggle

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, at the moment, seems most unlikely to agree to reform the electoral system. The Conservatives are far more likely to do so.

This question has become the centre of fierce controversy behind the scenes. As we read the signs now, no settlement can possibly last twelve months. The Liberal Members realise they are fighting for the life of their Party.

Down, but not out

Mr. Lloyd George privately asserted six months ago that he would rather be an independent Member than go through another Parliament like the last.

But the fire of politics is burning in his blood, and though tragically disappointed, he has decided to carry on the fight.

His bitterest enemies must admire him. He is dauntless, and will be so to the end.

Noses to the grindstone

Hundreds of elegant Conservatives are looking forward with extreme distaste to the possibility of having to maintain strict attendance in the House. The demands of outside duty and pleasure are more insistent upon them than upon Socialists.

The Friday to Tuesday week-end will have to cease. First-night theatre parties and race-meetings will lose some very regular patrons.

Labour men willing to "pair" will be a godsend to many of our notorious absentee Members.

The Regency Bill

Whatever emerges from the present political chaos, the first duty of the new Parliament must be to pass the Regency Bill which was prepared before the dissolution.

The doctors, happily, are in a position to assure us that His Majesty will

be able to transact public business while recovering from his latest attack.

But we know that it will be many long months before he will be in a fit state to undertake any but the least exacting of his duties.

The Prince of Wales is willing and able to act on his father's behalf. There is no excuse for delay.

Cap in hand

A large number of candidates have been painfully shocked this week on being presented with their election bills.

We know of a great many who are at their wits' end how to raise the money, well knowing during the election that their resources were being strained.

In small constituencies cars for speakers and workers are the most costly item. Unauthorised hirings can never be prevented altogether.

There are many candidates cap in hand at the Party treasuries this week.

Secret expenditure

A careful post-mortem of the election literature is astonishing for the number of conflicting statements and counter-statements made by the Parties.

One mathematician says that at least £2,000,000 was spent on propaganda by all Parties and by various vested interests.

Candidates' own expenses totalled well over a million pounds, though not all of this will appear in the accounts.

King Coal again

A black cloud is gathering over the coalfields.

District agreements made after the 1926 stoppage

expire in six months, and there is no indication yet that the owners' and miners' leaders are in a mood to get together to formulate a scheme for the future, although procrastination has been the chief cause of every crisis the industry has had to endure.

Apart from instructing its branches immediately to make contact with the area

unions, the Mining Association could profitably explore other fields.

There is no reason why it should not now discuss with the combines of Germany and Poland some form of international standards of production and selling prices.



"Bob" Smillie, miners' leader, could solve the problem

Again, why has nothing been done to translate into practice the recommendation of the National Fuel and Power Committee that each district coalowners' association should proceed to study possibilities of electrical developments?

Moscow's retreat

The old women of both sexes in Kensington, Suburbia and West End clubs are thoroughly frightened.

They still regard Labour as the bogey-man from Russia.

They will take some months to realise that the real bogey-men, the Communists, have nearly all lost their deposits. The revolutionary vote is so minute as to be wholly unrepresented in the House.

Who pays?

We understand that among those badly "stung" by speculating on the election majorities market are some disappointed Party managers.

Encouraged by optimistic reports from their agents, and feeling it their duty to support the market, they bought somewhat heavily.

Will the Party funds pay the loss?

No crumbs for you

It is high time attention was drawn to the serious scandal of bread prices.

Although the price of wheat has been falling rapidly and is now less than the pre-war figure, there has been no similar reduction in the price of bread. It is still 100 per cent. higher than pre-war.

There might be some excuse for this if the lower wheat prices represented a temporary phase only.

But they do not.

There is more wheat available today than there has ever been before. The American and Canadian grain elevators are packed with supplies which will have to be moved to make way for new crops which in their turn are expected to reach high records.

The big milling companies are attempting to corner all the profits from cheap wheat for themselves.

Sulky sahibs

Fleet Street is astonished by a report it has heard regarding a well-known journalist who recently left London to direct an important newspaper in India.

It seems that he has irritated some of the sahibs in high places by incisive exposure in the journal of their inefficiency, maladministration, and wastefulness.

Attempts at wire-pulling to have the editor dismissed from his post having failed, the sahibs have been planning to bring about the forceful removal of the new broom.

A Bill, it is said, has been prepared for submission to the Legislature containing a clause which looks innocent enough, but which would give power virtually to deport such as he.

We would like to know who gave 'n-

structions to an investigating officer to visit a news-agency office in London and ask for information concerning the personal record of this man.

Wool net

Why delay publication of the report of the committee which heard the recent application for safeguarding for light woollen textiles?

When Mr. Baldwin spoke in Bradford during the election he made no reference to this report.

But on the very next day a Conservative newspaper in Yorkshire asserted "on reliable authority" that the application had been successful, and that legislation would be included in the second Finance Bill — if the



He confirmed the rumour

Conservative Government was returned to power.

Later, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson confirmed the rumour.

Was this an election stunt? The fair thing would have been to publish the report and give the whole truth.

Hit their pockets, too

France has done its best to ruin the opening of the Come-to-Britain Movement. Her hysterical embargo on our unvaccinated nationals travelled all round the world. The rumour that Britain was grappling with a smallpox outbreak arrived in America just when Americans were arranging their foreign holiday bookings.

The timing of the embargo was as perfect as the act was malicious. Needless to say, the embargo was raised when the British influx threatened to shrink and ruin the French holiday season.

Considering French sanitary conditions are among the worst in Europe and French smallpox statistics are considerably higher than ours, the embargo was an impertinence.

A "Keep-in-Britain" holiday movement might be started as a just retaliation.

Prompt Sir Clement

Last week we addressed a "Candid Communication" to Sir Clement Hindley, chairman of the Racecourse Betting Control Board.

We warned him that the public wanted to know how things stood about the "Tote," and that they wanted to know very badly.

Almost as soon as our letter was published Sir Clement issued a full statement, detailing the Board's plans and arrangements for installing totalisators this year.

Maybe it is cause and effect—but we don't like to boast about such things.

Spoilt

Brigadier-General Baring merits recognition for the success of the enterprise of the Railway Companies' Association, of which he is chairman, in the new policy of more and faster excursion trains and cheap short-period fares.

There is a danger, however, that the facilities will become less appreciated by the public in consequence of staff reductions at the principal stations.

Even at Waterloo on Sundays only one or two booking-office windows are opened, with the result that immense queues are formed, twenty minutes pass before a ticket can be obtained, and large numbers of people miss trains.

The motor-coach companies make no such mistakes.

The pillage blacksmith

Members of the Church of Scotland Assembly have wisely followed our advice to exert their influence against Greta Green marriages.

The worst feature of these irregular unions, as we pointed out three months ago, is that many of them are invalid because neither of the parties has resided for the required length of time in Scotland.

Moreover, few of these marriages are registered; consequently there is no legal proof of marriage, for which necessity arises sooner or later.

The blacksmith at Greta Green is a national pest.

Puffing bluffers

Many provincial papers have been gulled during the past few weeks by one of the most wicked publicity tricks perpetrated in Great Britain for many years.

They have been innocently publishing stories served up red-hot regarding British settlers in Canada, who, while clearing their prairie farmlands of rock with dynamite, have laid bare vast deposits of gold.

It is invariably mentioned in the stories that the development company has acquired the mineral rights at a price which has made the settler wealthy, and that a clamour for its shares has commenced in Canada.

All this nonsense has its source in the offices of London's worst bucket-shops, and is free advertisement for unnegotiable and trashy shares.

The honorary gasman

People who are able to sport initials after their names, from K.G. to the humble O.B.E., must now bow before the honorary members of the Institute of Gas Engineers.

A Royal Charter has now been granted to this noble body, by which it is expressly stated that "an honorary life member shall be entitled to the exclusive use after his name of the initials, 'Hon. Life M.Inst.GasE.'"

This does indeed come trippingly off the tongue.

Don't dash their hopes

Sixty Welsh unemployed youths from the Cardiff Juvenile Training Centre have just landed in Montreal from the Pacific liner *Montrose*.

This contingent is the outcome of the work of the Lord Mayor's Council for Overseas Settlement of Unemployed Miners, and it is the first to leave the Principality direct from Cardiff since that city was made a Transatlantic port.

From Montreal, the boys will go to St. Albans in the Middle West to undergo a twenty-weeks' training course in agriculture and farming.

The boys' services are eagerly sought by farmers, who in return provide the emigrants with board and free tuition

in farming. What happens at the end of the twenty weeks' training does not yet seem to be quite clear.

Our friends and neighbours

Certain cafés in Paris now charge specially high prices to those who are obviously English.

One of our representatives who is a good linguist and something of an actor has tested this and has prepared a list of these establishments.

As Lord Rothermere used to say, "Hats off to France."

Red-tape Red Cross

Ambulance services all over the country need overhauling.

Charles Hodgson, aged sixteen, of 13, Derby Street, Lower Broughton, had to lie on the pavement, mortally injured, for a quarter of an hour, with an ambulance in attendance.

The driver of the ambulance, which belonged to the Radcliffe Urban Council, refused to take him to the nearest hospital because it was out of his area.

A similar case occurred at Meriden, where Eric Jones, a motor-cyclist, was thrown to the ground unconscious.

The Coventry City Ambulance was summoned, but, owing to the accident being outside its area, it was unable to help.

The Solihull ambulance arrived eighty-five minutes later, and Jones reached the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital in a dying condition an hour and three-quarters after the accident.

Had he reached the hospital earlier his life could not have been saved, but the scandal is grave, none the less.

Wrong this time

The Chief Constable of Manchester is not quite fair when he says that the present method of displaying goods in large stores is to a great extent responsible for the increased shoplifting in the city.

The shopkeepers will tell you that such is the competition nowadays that they simply must show their goods to the best advantage, and that needless risks are not taken in any circumstances.

People who cannot see goods exposed without having a desire to steal them deserve all that comes to them—except the excuses of Chief Constables.

The snag

Rationalisation is an ugly word—and in some places it is having ugly effects for the workers. The displacement of labour is sometimes inevitable, but there must be a limit set to the extra toil demanded of those workers who are retained.

In many factories and works production is being speeded up and reorganised in such a way that one worker is doing what two pairs of hands did formerly.

The result is that a day's work in a "rationalised" factory often leaves employees prostrate with physical and mental exhaustion. The last ounce of effort has been wrung out of them.

If this tendency becomes general there will be a nasty reaction from the workers.

Lucky France

France is feeling the shortage of man power. In the Department of the Seine there are 15,000 jobs vacant for which no one is available.

It appears that young men prefer the softer jobs, such as hairdressing, stenography and cinema-acting, to manual labour.

We could do with some of those 15,000 jobs over here.

The worst street ever

A Kentish doctor was recently motoring through Winchester's bottleneck main street when he was ordered to stop by a point policeman.

He instantly obeyed, but a second later espied an approaching lorry, and drew to one side.

For thus moving after being sig-

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

nalled to halt he was charged with disobeying a police command, being later summoned to attend a court eighty miles away from his home at forty-eight hours' notice.

As he had to attend a confinement, he wrote asking for a postponement. His request was ignored and, in his absence, he was fined.

Hardly fair treatment for a professional man who has had a clean licence for fifteen years.

His Grace

To the Duke of Norfolk, now twenty-one, we quote: "Sir, thou hast great wealth, great responsibilities. Look to them."

But those stories, published on polling-day, of golden goblets, squads of footmen, and plate worth six figures were a little unfortunate.

A prowling cur

A Kennington man was victimised recently by a swindler who operates under the name of Ellison, and who called at his home and offered him a job as a furniture-remover.

When he left to start work on the job, which, of course, was non-existent, Ellison called in his absence and requested his wife to give him ten shillings for her husband.

She handed over the money, and that was the last seen of Ellison. It was also the last money in the poor folk's possession and they have two children to feed.

They shall not pass

Some months ago the Ministry of Transport obtained, at a cost of £10,000, a report to ascertain if it is possible to construct a road bridge over the Forth near the existing railway bridge.

We know that the experts employed declared the project feasible, but the report is accumulating dust in a Whitehall pigeon-hole.

Scotland's industrial and commercial expansion has been retarded for a generation by the lack of such a bridge, because road transport entering or leaving Edinburgh must either submit to an exorbitantly dear and inadequate ferry service under railway control or make a forty-miles detour by way of Stirling.

Have the railway interests been able to stifle the scheme? It is high time Sir Henry Maybury returned to his old Ministry of Transport post and gingered them up there.

He would ginger them

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The lost property puzzle

The daily papers frequently contain advertisements that wallets or other valuables have been found in the street and may be claimed by the owners at the police-station.

Extraordinary as it may seem, the majority of these wallets are never claimed, though they often contain substantial sums.

The contents are finally confiscated, and, after a small proportion has been paid to the finders, the balance is given to certain societies at the discretion of the authorities.

In the case of goods the same system prevails.

Those unclaimed are sold by auction and most of the proceeds are swallowed up by the expenses of the Lost Property Department, which has to maintain a colossal staff—not to restore property to its rightful owners, but to dispose of accumulated wares.

The Commissioner of Police should create a better organisation.

Most evil

On another page a distinguished playwright tells us of the evil of cheap boarding schools. No less scandalous is the staffing of many fee-paying day-schools.

Some of these establishments would be insolvent in the first week if trained and qualified teachers were engaged.

One kindergarten and preparatory "college" in Buckinghamshire provides an example of a common evil.

The owner and headmistress was formerly a buyer in the millinery trade, and her staff consists of three women who, before donning academic robes, were a mustard-packer, a hotel chambermaid and an omnibus conductor.

But is it "Good-bye"?

In our issue for May 4 we told the exclusive story of how two alien rogues, named Michaelletti and Castaner, who had been deported after years of troublesome conduct in the West End of London, were plotting to get back again.

The accuracy of our prophecy is shown by the fact that Castaner was discovered in Soho exactly ten days after detectives had escorted him to Liverpool to put him on a boat for Spain.

He is now in jail, and will be deported once again at the expiration of his sentence.

But he'll be back again if the Home Office hasn't wakened up by then.

He fights poison

The more we know of the Rev. Frank Melville, vicar of Exhall, founder of the Anti-Scandal League, called the Fellowship of St. George, the better we like him.

We asked him to write an article for us, and this is his reply:

"I wrote the article, but, alas! I cannot send it. Although I camouflaged the instances of cruel slander which have been detailed to me, it is evident that the scandal-mongers would not only detect the cases, but they would be applied to innumerable similar cases, and the tortures of existing victims would consequently be increased."

"I simply dare not do anything which might tend to increase their sorrows."

We think Mr. Melville is mistaken here, but we like his spirit.

Devon well beaten

Mr. Thomas Grant, a retired railwayman, of Inverness, has been gloating at great length in a local newspaper over the manner in which he harried and crippled a baby roe deer that had wandered down from the hills and sought shelter until night-fall in some farmland bushes.

It is painful to read his account of how his whippet first worried the young animal and his gleeful description of the manner in which the roe tore its fur to ribbons as, with him and the dog in pursuit, it leaped fences seven feet in height in its mad career across the fields.

His delight at having shattered the ribs of the harmless creature with a shot-gun is frankly sickening.

The Devon stag-hunters should at once organise a subscription to present such a man with a medal, or a portrait of himself murdering deer.

What does the bishop say?

Miss Isabel Jeans, the actress, declares that "every wife should flirt occasionally, since a little danger is often an excellent thing."

This should give her father-in-law, Bishop Wakefield, food for thought.



The Brigadier merits recognition



Mr. Arnold Ridley tells of the evil.



He would ginger them

An Old Tory HITS BACK

*Is the working
man pampered?*

by A. A. B.



Mr. A. A. Baumann, better known as "A. A. B.," is the most trenchant of all the Tory controversialists. He thinks that molly-coddling has pampered the workers into softness. Those by his side look pampered somehow, don't they?

EVERYTHING is relative; but on a comparison of the condition of manual workers in European countries with our own, the Prime Minister's assertion that nowhere has the working man been more generously looked after by his Government than in Great Britain appears to be true.

The United States does not come into the picture, because, although wages are generally higher there than here, the advantage is due mainly to two causes that have nothing to do with State legislation. One cause is that, wherever possible, American workmen are paid by results, by the system known as piecework.

Another cause is that the trade unions have much less power in America than in England, partly owing to the great distances which separate industrial centres, and thus render co-operative action more difficult, and partly because when there is a strike the assistance of the local Legislature and public opinion are generally given to the employers, who are, as a rule, corporations. Where strikes are rare, the condition of the workers is better.

Above the law

CONSIDER what Parliament has done for the wage-earners, or, as they used to be called, the working classes.

The Trades Disputes Act of 1906 placed the trades unions above the law, making deeds, which in anybody but a trade unionist would be a breach of contract or an indictable injury, legal and unpunishable.

This charter of licence had to be repealed last year, because it had resulted in the coal strike lasting nine months and the general strike, lasting nine days, in 1926.

Apart from trade unionism, the Legislature has heaped benefits upon manual workers which no other section of the community enjoys.

Disraeli, who is now recognised as the political genius of the last century, had sound and decided views upon the duties of citizenship which seem old-fashioned to-day.

He declared that the franchise was not a right but a privilege, to be conferred on those who earned it.

There can be no doubt about Disraeli's opinions, because he introduced two franchise Bills, one in 1859, which was defeated by the Liberals, and the other, which he carried, in 1867.

This great statesman thought that before a man was entitled to share in the choice of a Government he must prove himself capable of supporting himself and his family by providing food, clothes, lodging, medical attendance and education out of his earnings, at the same time paying his rates and taxes like the rest of the world.

That was the meaning of the household or rating franchise of 1867, under which a man, to get upon the register, must occupy a rateable tenement for a year.

Old and exploded

HOW ridiculously old-fashioned and exploded this view of citizenship is to-day may be realised by asking ourselves of which of these duties is the working man wholly or partially relieved by the State?

His children are educated from the age of five to fourteen free of cost.

When his wife lies in, grants are made to

him before and after the event, while the family teeth may be looked after at the public charge.

Houses with modern improvements have been built with the assistance of subsidies charged on the public purse, in which he can live at a rent below the profit price.

If the working man dies, his widow and children are provided with pensions out of the taxes, thus relieving him of one of the worst anxieties that can pursue a conscientious man.

The Acts of Parliament providing insurance against sickness and unemployment, the chief curses of life, run from 1911 to 1928, and the credit of the policy is shared by the three Parties.

The Liberals began and the Conservatives completed the task.

The Acts are numerous and complicated, and can only be indicated roughly.

With the exception of domestic servants and agricultural labourers, who are insurable against sickness, all employees and their employers are compelled to contribute to a fund which shall provide a weekly maintenance during unemployment, the sums ranging from 17s. for men over twenty-one and 15s. for women, down to 6s. for boys between sixteen and eighteen, and 5s. for girls.

Properly described

SINCE the war this relief has by law been payable in certain cases where the previous contributions have fallen short of the prescribed amounts, and this is called uncovenanted unemployment benefit, and is properly described as the "dole."

Recipients of unemployment benefit are in the habit of claiming it as a right, as something which they have paid for, and owe to nobody but themselves.

This is not correct, and is an instance of the ingratitude with which public assistance is invariably received.

The recipient of unemployment pay has only contributed a third, the other two-thirds being contributed by his employer and the State: thus the male "dolee" pays 7d., the employer 8d. and the State 6d.

That the Insurance Fund, composed of these contributions, is perpetually insolvent, that its payments exceed its receipts, and that the benefits are grossly abused by dishonest claimants, are facts too notorious to require repetition.

In addition to the Health and Unemployment Insurance Acts, there has grown up, especially in the east and south-east of London, a system of lavish outdoor relief to able-bodied persons, which is not so surprising when the guardians are elected in poor parishes largely by the people who ask for relief, the Ulswater Reform Act of 1918 having abolished the electoral disqualification of paupers.

I have set down the above instances of public assistance, lumped under the soothing title of social services, costing the taxpayers 120 millions a year, in a spirit neither of praise nor blame, still less of political partisanship.

I have enumerated them for the purpose of showing the extent to which the working classes have been relieved by the State of what used to be considered the duties and obligations of citizenship, and how far they are freed from cares and anxieties which other classes of our society have to bear as best they can.

Add the old-age pension, to which, under certain conditions, insured persons are now entitled after sixty-five, and the list of human wants is exhausted, except clothes, food and amusements. Necessitous children may be fed at school, and I think boots may be supplied.

Kiddies' pocket-money

AS for amusement, it is not many years since the Sheppey Guardians were surcharged for giving the children a penny a week pocket-money.

In former days most of the things now provided or providable by the State were at the charge of the parents, who could be compelled to supply them by the law.

Is the modern system better than the old? It certainly leaves more money to be spent on kinemas and football-matches; but has the character of the parents for self-reliance and self-sacrifice been improved?

And what about other classes of the community who are taxed to provide these benefits?

If married with three children, a working man, unless his wages exceed £8 a week, pays no income-tax. His only contribution to the Exchequer, now that the tea duty has been abolished, is what he may choose to spend on tobacco, alcohol, and sugar, coffee or cocoa.

To be guaranteed against the worry of insecurity is a very nice thing, and a very natural desire, but the desire is not confined to those who work with their hands.

Insecurity haunts the clerk, the clergyman, the shopkeeper, the journalist, who have to pay for their children's education, for the doctor's attendances, for operations in hospital, and who are obliged to meet their insurance premiums and hoard what they can against a rainy day.

Envious glances

I OFTEN think that the black-coat must cast envious glances at the overalls, the wearer of which is so much better off. That the British working man has for the last twenty years been the darling of the Legislature is demonstrated.

Whether this favoured treatment will better equip him for competition with Americans, Germans, Japanese, Italians is a question which only time can answer. That State pampering must increase and crystallise the class of unemployables cannot be denied.

[The Editor discusses this challenging article in a leader on page 10]



SIR JOSIAH STAMP
and Dr. SCHACHT

GENTLEMEN,—After weeks of weary wrangling, you and the other Reparations "experts" have at last arrived at a somewhat sulky agreement as to what Germany shall pay in war indemnity, and what she shall not.

I am pleased at even so tepid an arrangement, for half a loaf is better than no bread. But I wish that you two, as the British and German representatives, could have imparted a little fresh air and sanity into the discussions.

Even if Germany pays less in the long run, it would pay every interested nation to settle this business once and for all.

So long as the matter remains undecided, French and British troops remain pining on the Rhine, and the peace of Europe can never be secure.

Try to better this the next time you get together. JOHN BULL.

H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES,
York House, St. James's

DEAR PRINCE,—The Royal Counties Show, which you opened so gracefully the other day, is described as "marking a new era in British farming."

I fancy that I have heard the same thing said about similar shows in the past—and the majority of farmers still dodder on in the same old way.

I respectfully suggest that the moment is opportune for you to utter one of your "clarion calls" urging them to adopt up-to-date methods. JOHN BULL.

Messrs. BALDWIN, MacDONALD
and LLOYD GEORGE,

Houses of Parliament, Westminster

GENTLEMEN,—My hand upon a fight that has been waged with characteristic vigour and in the best traditions of British sportsmanship.

The decision of the country has been made—the tumult and the shouting dies, and the polling-booths are closed.

One clear fact remains. All three of you in all election addresses promised to solve the unemployment problem, rid us of slums, provide cheap houses for working folk and preserve peace at home and abroad.

Is it too much to hope that you will now forget your different avenues of approach and combine in an effort to do it? JOHN BULL.

Make it a Real Handshake!

Our Farmer Prince—Old Lag's Cry—Musso's Sword—
Parson Publican—Aiding Rogues

Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS,
Home Secretary

SIR,—You are still Home Secretary till the new Parliament meets, and before then you might find time to investigate the conditions existing at Camp Hill Preventive Institution.

William Abbott, who was sentenced at the Old Bailey recently, stated that "the place was in a state of chaos," and that "detention there was worse than penal servitude."

Abbott has a bad record, but that is no reason for presuming that he is lying. His allegations should be investigated up to the hilt.

I suggest that you should pay Camp Hill a surprise visit. But don't be influenced by official statements to the effect that "all in the garden is lovely." Hear what the prisoners have to say. JOHN BULL.

Dr. HAYDN BROWN,
Bedford Square, London

DEAR DOCTOR,—I see that for a second time the mandarins of the General Medical Council have struck you off the register.

Your "crime" is that you treated patients for asthma who were put in touch with you by a Glasgow newspaper.

Your first removal, I remember, was caused by my publishing an able article from your pen.

Doctors are terrible trade unionists. So long as you attempt to let sufferers from asthma know that you believe you have a certain cure for them, or freely give the public information for which others might charge a fee, you can expect no mercy from the General Medical Council. JOHN BULL.

The Rev. W. H. DRAPER, M.A.,
Master of the Temple

REV. SIR,—It is appropriate that a scholar and thinker like yourself should be the principal orator at Magna Carta's celebration this year of the grant of the Grand Charter on Runnymede.

But it must strike you as ironic that, as before, so many lawyers should be invited to a ceremony to celebrate the founding of the liberties of the English people. Lawyers have done more than any other class to strangle individual liberty in a mesh of red tape.

If the framing of Magna Carta had been left to them, King John wouldn't have been able to read it so speedily. JOHN BULL.

H.E. Signor MUSSOLINI,
Rome

SIR,—In a typical speech, full of bombast and bluster, you recently described the world, outside Italy, as being full of "savage wolves," and urged your countrymen to cultivate virile and warlike qualities.

This poor old world needs peace. Ten years ago we had a dose of Prussian Junkerism and we are in no mood for a dose of the Italian variety.

Sheathe your shining sword, Musso, boy. Or why not take it to Hollywood? JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM JACKSON,
Deptford, S.E.

SIR,—Trading under the name of the Albemarle Cycle and Gramophone Supply Co., you supplied a schoolboy with a bicycle on the instalment system.

In the agreement you had the impudence to state, not only that the document was "stamped and sworn at Somerset House," but that failure on the part of the boy to comply with the conditions would render him "liable to prosecution for obtaining goods by false pretences."

A contemptible compound of bunk and lies—as you admitted in court. Furthermore, you threatened to report the boy to the police. Frightening schoolboys is a cowardly way of doing business, and I don't like it. JOHN BULL.

The Rev. J. L. KYLE, M.A.,
The Vicarage, Carlton-in-Cleveland

DEAR VICAR,—I wouldn't mind betting that you are the most popular parson in Britain. In addition to taking the services, you run the village "pub," and farm 300 acres into the bargain.

You are a shrewd man of business, too. I learn that Church work has benefited by many a "fiver" given by dealers who have failed to "do you" in the markets.

The Church needs some broad-minded men like yourself, who combine spirituality with a practical sense of affairs.

After all, you follow apostolic tradition. The disciples were engaged in the fishing industry. And one was a tax-collector! JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MARY HAMILTON, M.P.
York Buildings, London, W.C.

DEAR MARY,—By topping the poll at Blackburn you earn fame as the first new woman M.P. Congratulations! We note that you knocked Sir Sidney Henn off his nest. And he was a sitting Member!

But it is all in the game, and a few more women at Westminster can do no harm. As a journalist, you will find much good copy at Westminster, where we wish you luck. JOHN BULL.

Sir EVELYN MURRAY, K.C.B.,
Secretary to the Post Office

SIR,—When your Department is preparing its recommendations for your new Parliamentary chief will you please put one in block letters at the top of the list?

It is that the General Post Office should be given fuller authority to search out the real purposes of so-called newspapers registered for postal transmission.

Because of the facilities permitted to a band of rogues in the City, the Post Office is aiding them to filch tens of thousands of pounds weekly from the public.

These sheets are so cleverly designed that even your experts may be deceived; but when you are in doubt, send them along to me. JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. HAY HALKETT: "Housing is at the bottom of nearly every one of these husband-and-wife cases."

Don't you believe it. Put a cat and a dog in a gilded palace, and they'll fight, as the divorce courts prove.

MISS CLEMENCE DANE: "To-day we are millions, and we have multiplied the individual out of existence."

You are a few ages late in noticing that fact.

LORD MELCHETT: "Rationalisation of industry has become an absolute necessity if Great Britain is to maintain her industrial position."

Then you'd better tell us what the blessed word means.

NOT from 2LO—Mr. Jacob Epstein

The PLASTIC POSER

with his Almost Human Statues

IF you're anxious for to shine
In the high æsthetic line
As a man of culture rare,
Then you won't do any harm
If the Die Harms you alarm
And the mugwumps seek to scare.

I like to deal out shocks
To the sheep who think in flocks
That my sculpture's "rough" and
"rude,"

And who, if they cannot bleat
That a statue's "quite too sweet"
Then pronounce that it is "crude."

I emphatically refuse
To accept the moss-grown views
Of the Academic school;
And if anybody tries
Work of mine to criticise
He proclaims himself a fool!

And please note that I, Jacob Epstein
—not to be confused with the relativity
merchant of almost the same name—am
not the first to take this attitude. Car-
lyle referred to the inhabitants of this
country as "forty million—mostly
fools," and I am merely following in
his footsteps in declaring that "The
man in the street is a fool."

After all, who is this oft-mentioned
Man in the Street? Nine times out of
ten, a Man in Fleet Street—some boy
reporter who has been told off to "tell
me off."

When I did my bird fountain in Hyde
Park they said it would scare the birds
away, and now my "Night" is described
as a nightmare. Yet the village idiots
who talk like this would be quite
capable of hailing as a thing of beauty
a statue of a common or garden day
Mayor in his rabbit-skins of office. What
I say is:

If you don't like "Night,"
Do not look at it by day.

If you don't like "Rima,"
You can pass the other way.



If you don't like
Epstein,
He'll still manage
to survive,
And when you're all
stone dead
His stone will be
alive.

You see, I'm wil-
ling to abide the
verdict of posterity.
Some people, I know,
have a quaint idea
that sculpture in-
tended for English
eyes should be Eng-
lish in form and
spirit.

But Art, with a
capital "A," knows
no boundaries; and
if I like to represent
Night as a Mongo-
lian lady or Grief as
a Japanese doll, or Victory as an Egypt-
ian flapper—well, that's my business,
and it's your misfortune if you don't
happen to like it.

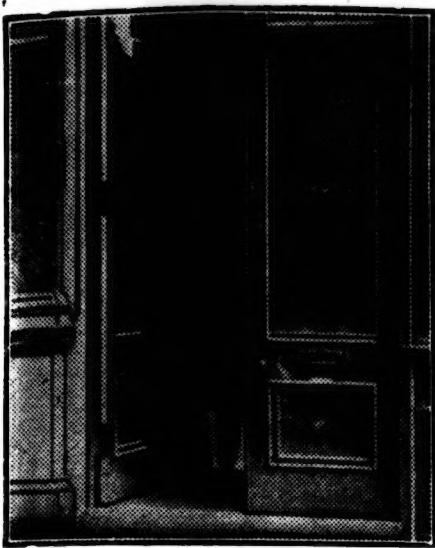
I am told that some who are open-
minded, instead of vacant-minded, about
my art resent my calling the Man in
the Street a fool; but remember

Everyone's an idiot to someone.
Nobody is wise in everything;
In business I would doubtless seem the
"dumb" one,

And if I tried to dance a Highland
fling
The experts as an imbecile might dub
me,

Or ask: "How came this ass to leave
its stall?"

If "fools" I call those who the wrong
way rub me,
Well, so they are—but, dash it! aren't
we all?



Nancy Meyrick vanishes through the mysterious doors of the "43."

IT is a debatable point how far the Brighter London Movement has been aided by the efforts of the Meyrick family.

Of its persistence and audacity, however, there can be no question. Successive police raids on its notorious Forty-Three Club premises and numerous convictions against its management have done nothing to damp its enthusiasm.

In June last year the Bow Street magistrates disqualified the premises for use as a club for five years.

In spite of this judgment, they were soon reopened as a club and ran until the police raid shortly before the Goddard case at the end of last year.

Since Mrs. Meyrick's conviction in that action, the premises have remained untenanted.

Last week, however, it came to our notice that the two daughters of Mrs. Meyrick were engaged in negotiation with members of the past staff of the club.

There was great activity at 43, Gerard Street for a few days, bustling, white-jacketed waiters cleaning and polishing, and on May 29 the old place opened its doors again to reap yet

Meyrick NIGHT CLUB defies LORD BYNG

Notorious Soho Den Reopens

another harvest of easy profits and wasted lives.

With very few exceptions, the staff is the same. Each night one or both of the Meyrick daughters sits on the stool in the entrance-lobby, receiving the guests and their entrance-fees.

On the night of our visit we found that this slight financial formality was graded on a very elastic plan.

Many of the old habitués were welcomed merrily and passed in free of charge.

We, not being so well known, had to pay 10s. for the doubtful privilege of our admittance. Behind us a few would-be revellers had to pay the same.

Inside the premises it appeared unchanged: the same mirror-walled room reflecting garish lighting on the hard faces of the dancing girls; the same girls in brighter, newer frocks.

Downstairs in the dance-room the band blared noisily, and the floor was packed with youths fresh from school and 'varsity and tired business men from the provinces, seeking the so-called pleasures of West End night life.

The general level of charges was on the same exorbitant scale as in the old days. Food, cigarettes, etc., cost two to three times as much as in the most expensive restaurant.

No drink was being openly served downstairs, though a few hip flasks were in evidence.

Not being "known to the manage-

ment," we were denied access to the famous room upstairs where drinks were served in days of yore. But we noticed several people ascend the guarded staircase.

Thus, for the second time within a year of being disqualified by the law for five years, a Meyrick venture is open again and in full blast.

It seems a little hard to believe that a dancing establishment can hope to exist, conducted in a bona-fide manner, and yet charge an entrance fee of 10s., maintaining within a tariff scale which would put the Ritz in the shade.

From £60 to £80 average net profit per night can be made by clubs run on the lines of the Forty-Three.

It is easy to see, therefore, how tempting it is to their promoters to take chances with the law.

If they can secure the services of some unconvicted person as manager, it merely means that they are faced with a fine if police action subsequently takes place. This they can

cheerfully pay from their enormous profits.

The time has come when the law should be amended definitely to put the promotion of such establishments as the Forty-Three beyond the pale.

Revelations of the ruin which they have wrought to young men and women have filled columns of the Press for years past, and their survival is a blot on the social life of the country.



Waiters sprucing up the "43" on the morning before it started in business again. That smile is Mrs. Meyrick's. She hardly looks like London's night-club queen who is now serving a sentence in jail



Mr. Wilfrid Arthur Greene, K.C., was responsible for the new Companies Act

PEDDLING through the LAW

in a nice big car

Tout, of 91, King Charles Road, has been deprived of valuable shares.

Seymour gleaned particulars of the scrip she possessed, and told her that he would return next day with a financial expert, Mr. David.

This obliging man was prepared so to rearrange her investments that she would be sure of a 40 per cent. return.

Quite casually he advised her not to disclose his proposal to her bank.

Seymour and David divided the lady's share certificates next day into two lots.

One, consisting of valueless or un-negotiable securities, they left with her, and the other, representing about £330 of profitable stock, Seymour took away.

He informed Mrs. Tout that he would convert this packet so that she could look forward to a yearly income of £120, and asked her to sign a document which he produced.

She is very short-sighted, and when she wanted to fetch her glasses Seymour dissuaded her.

Some days later Mrs. Tout received a letter from a reputable firm of stockbrokers asking her to confirm instructions to sell a bunch of the shares which they had received from Mr. Edward Harold Guylee, a financier, of 20, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

This firm also acquainted Guylee of their action.

Mrs. Tout telephoned to the brokers asking them not to sell the stock.

Within a few hours Seymour arrived at her house in a hurry, told her a story about a "misunderstanding," and induced her to authorise the transaction.

After an anxious interval Mrs. Tout made enquiries from Guylee. She was told that part of her shares had been sold, and that £200 of the price they had fetched had been "invested as arranged with Mr. Seymour."

An urgent instruction to Guylee not to sell the remainder of the stock proved useless, because, he stated, they had been already disposed of "by another firm."

This firm, we learn, was one styled "Commerce, Industry and Finance," which Mr. Guylee controls.

It was for more than a generation a moribund company which, until he acquired and revitalised its corpse, had for twenty years possessed an immovable asset in the form of a bank balance of £1 4s. 8d.

Recently it had acquired wide notoriety from the amazing methods of its swarm of shares salesmen who tried to foist on the public the trashy stock of the N.T.U. Company, "incorporated in Delaware, U.S.A."

Guylee's company is now sponsoring a rotten concern called the Power,

Oil and Mining Co., Ltd., of Canada, which has not been registered at Somerset House either as a British or a foreign company.

His last step was to inform Mrs. Tout that £300 of the money realised from her securities had been sunk in this company, splendidly adorned share certificates of which have since been delivered to her by Seymour.

An effort has been made to ascertain from Guylee what is his connection with Seymour. In a letter padded out with vague promises of his endeavours to resell the Canadian shares for Mrs. Tout, he declares that "Seymour is not an associate of mine."

If the Director of Public Prosecutions wishes to find Seymour and David, we are in a position to provide him with a number of clues.

The Investigation Department of JOHN BULL has traced a motor-car in which the couple visited Surbiton, and subsequent enquiries have revealed a series of remarkable facts.

Publication of the information thus obtained might hinder the police enquiries.

We have, however, communicated our discoveries to Sir Archibald Bodkin.

In consequence, we hope that Seymour and David will soon explain in the witness-box what was the purpose of their raid on Surbiton—if it was not share-peddling in its worst form.

TEN months ago the Director of Public Prosecutions was empowered by the new Companies Act to take criminal proceedings against harpies who hawk worthless shares.

Sir Archibald Bodkin, the Director of Public Prosecutions, has certainly not been overtaxed by the number of prosecutions he has instituted, although these pests seem to have multiplied.

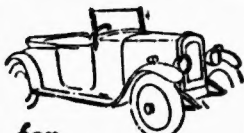
Lest Sir Archibald's department has not sufficient evidence to launch the attack which the public expect, we invite him to study this story.

A Mr. S. R. Seymour has just made a swoop on Surbiton, Surrey, and in consequence of his visit Mrs. Douglas

THE ROBBIALOID
COLOUR BALLOT

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JUNE
15

BRUSHING ROBBIALOID



for
CARS and
MOTOR-CYCLES

Use Brushing Robbialoid for retouching or complete renovations. It is unaffected by rain, sun, oil, petrol, or even tar splashes; it can be repaired by retouching at the point of damage only.



FURNITURE
FITTINGS &
SMALL THINGS

Brushing Robbialoid will bring into your home the same lasting beauty as it gives to cycles and cars. Ornaments, candlesticks, toys, trays, picture frames or penholders—Brushing Robbialoid invests them all with fresh colourful charm.



will do that job for you!

WHEREVER there's a painting job to be done, do it yourself with Brushing Robbialoid—the Cellulose finish everyone can apply.

Brushing Robbialoid flows smoothly and easily and dries within an hour—quickly enough to prevent dust from settling on its lustrous surface, not too rapidly to allow comfortable leisure in application.

Once hard, Brushing Robbialoid is waterproof, heat-proof and cannot crack, chip or peel.

It's a joy to rout shabbiness with Brushing Robbialoid; you'll find it a delightfully simple means of adding happy touches of high-light and harmony to your home.

Cyclists swear by Brushing Robbialoid, not only for touching up but for the complete renovation of their machines.

Learn more about the fascinating possibilities of this new product. There are booklets written about the very job you want to do; fill up the coupon and post it to-day.

Enter the Ballot and Win a Car

The Robbialoid Colour Ballot Contest is open to every user of Brushing Robbialoid. All you have to do is to place a dozen colours in their order of popularity. The coupon brings you your entry forms together with full particulars. The contest closes June 15, so fill in the coupon at once, if you want to qualify for one of the handsome prizes.

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The following 1929 Models are among the valuable prizes in the Colour Ballot. Each prize includes Tax, Licence, Insurance and Garage Free for one year.

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Kindly forward me Entry Forms and full particulars of the Robbialoid Colour Ballot, together with the booklets marked below with a "X".

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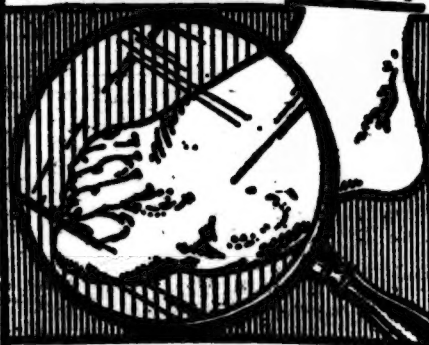
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Made by the Makers of Robbialoid Enamel

CORNS—BUT WHY?



Don't suffer another day with sore, tender, tired, aching, burning, smarting and swollen feet. Such misery is no longer necessary. Here is proof which no one can possibly doubt.

READ THIS UNSOLICITED LETTER

50, Bristol Street, Newport, Mon.
Sirs,—For years I have suffered with a nasty corn under the big toe. After using **Reudel Bath Saltrates** the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. S. DURANT.

Costs you nothing to try. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately, in full and without question.

There is only **ONE** Bath **SALTRATES**
1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

1st PER DAY SUPER GRADE ARTIFICIAL SILK FROCK

The very attractive creation, on left, with scarf collar and vest in crepe-de-chine in fashion shades, has wide belt finished with charming buckle. The skirt is flared. May be had in all fashionable shades for 22/6 8/6 monthly. It may also be had in Pettin and Printed with **GREY FLANNEL CORDURE**. The smart well-tailored suit, on right, of fashionable grey flannel, has short coat finishing with two buttons. The excellently cut skirt has two seam pleats to give necessary fulness without narrowing the 37/6 8/6 monthly.

All garments made to measure. Write for Patterns and Fashion Book "Chic and Serviceable Models." All goods sent on receipt of first payment.

Buy the safe way. If you don't like the model send it back, and we refund your money.

LEACH & HARDY,
12, Elder House, Duke St., Manchester.

6! This is by far the biggest step in price-reduction since the War. Better value than ever

WITH ORDER THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH" CYCLE SINGLE-GEAR MODEL, is a genuine "thoroughbred" at a price never previously attempted. From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit.

GRAVES
DUNLOP
DUNLOP
RENOID
PUMP Tool Bag, Spanners Oilcan. Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined for All Black if desired. Ladies or Gent's Model same price, 24:10:0
TERMS: Our Retail Price is for Deferred Payments. Now & complete purchase in 14 monthly payments of 6/-
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, POST FREE.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



50
MILLION LEMONS
ARE USED YEARLY TO MAKE
EIFFEL TOWER
LEMONADE

LIVER TROUBLE
You feel dull, depressed and drowsy. Look at your tongue! Coated!—a sure sign of "liver." Don't delay! Take one or two **Carter's Little Liver Pills**. Purely vegetable, they act without pain. Of all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- packages.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS



**QUICKLY
REMEDIED**

6 buys
the only Milk Chocolate made with Ambrosia Devonshire full cream Milk. Real Chocolate flavour retained in all its charm. Mellow; smooth; does not create thirst. Full of nourishment. Four Kinds: Plain Milk, or with Toasted Almonds, or Nut Brazil, or Almonds and Raisins
Ambrosia
BRITAIN'S BEST MILK CHOCOLATE
made by PASCALLS—therefore the BEST that can be made.



ELOPING BRIDEGROOM'S Black Record

MOST people are familiar with the story of the recent disappearance from Southend of vivacious sixteen-year-old Alma Farquhar, who eloped to London to marry a fascinating man of thirty, named Walter Charles Dicketts.

The latter made the acquaintance of the girl's parents by posing as the "personality manager" of the Gladstone Corporation of New York.

The public, however, has been left in the dark regarding his history, and JOHN BULL can now reveal him as a very remarkable criminal, whose reputation extends to the Continent.

Latest ruse

During the past few weeks Dicketts has been passing in London as an important representative of the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Corporation of the United States.

Only a few days ago, he got in touch with a young actor living near Regent's Park, and induced him to believe that he was gathering a number of English artists who would be found fine rôles in a new talking film made at Hollywood.

He actually gave this actor a handsome contract, assuring him that he had a splendid "talkie" voice; and at an interview at the Piccadilly Hotel, Dicketts exhibited correspondence



"... Vivacious sixteen-year-old Alma Farquhar"

which seemed to show that he had booked passages on the *Mauretania*.

By this means he induced his dupe to hand him a sum of money on account of his passage and incidental expenses.

Dicketts promised to notify the lucky actor of the date of sailing, but the poor fellow has never seen Dicketts since. He visited Scotland Yard, and there discovered that several other people had been taken in over this Hollywood hoax.

Dicketts, who has travelled extensively, has several strings to his bow. Some time ago, under the alias of Ashton Dale, he advertised in a daily paper that he had a brilliant money-making scheme, and was anxious to secure partners.

People who interviewed him in a City office were told that he owned a number of automatic advertising clocks.



Technical experts rigging up a Hollywood "talkie" studio. Dicketts lured his victims with tales of easy money on the "talkies"



Walter Charles Dicketts, a most accomplished rogue

The genial Mr. "Ashton Dale" explained that he hoped to instal these novelties at railway-stations in London and the provinces, and a specimen clock was produced for the benefit of intending investors.

Several people were thus persuaded to invest £200 in the scheme, after which Mr. "Ashton Dale" disappeared, leaving his dupes to discover that the clock he exhibited was not even his property, but borrowed from the real inventor, who had also been duped by Dicketts into believing that the latter could place his invention "on the market."

One of Dicketts' biggest coups was perpetrated in France.

He opened an account with a French bank by means of a forged cheque, drawn for a large sum on an English bank. Then, in the name of Rockdorf, he hurriedly passed a large number in different parts of the Continent, and so stole several hundred pounds.

On another occasion, in England, Dicketts filled in a paying-in slip for £1,000, and managed to fake it with a bank's rubber-stamp to suggest that that amount had actually been deposited to his credit.

"Dud" cheque adept

He then got into touch with people he met in hotel lounges, complained that his bank was closed, and, bringing his persuasive tongue into play, induced them to cash cheques which, it was afterwards discovered were absolutely worthless.

He is, indeed, an adept at passing "dud" cheques, and in recent times he has bilked hotels all over the country under various aliases—including those of Major P. M. Carberry, Captain A. Wentworth and Colonel Woodhouse.

His audacity is illustrated by the manner in which he defied Scotland Yard detectives some time ago when he fell into their hands on charges of fraud.

When brought before the magistrate he succeeded in obtaining bail and promptly left the country. The police had already confiscated his passport, but that difficulty was surmounted by this master rogue with amazing ease.

He merely submitted an application to the passport authorities in another name, backed by the signature of a well-known solicitor, who certified that he had known him for years as a law-abiding citizen.

This signature was a forgery, cleverly executed by Dicketts himself.

This is the man who succeeded in getting the sixteen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do and respected citizen into his clutches.

Trail of debt

Providentially she is now restored to her family, yet even on their honeymoon Dicketts left a trail of debt everywhere, obtaining a large sum of money and securities from her father and swindling hotel proprietors and tradespeople in all parts of the country.

Now that we have revealed him as the rogue he is, we trust the authorities will quickly devise some means of placing him on trial for his many criminal acts.

HARSH REWARD for long service

MR. A. E. BRISTOW, a goods porter on the L.N.E.R. system, has just been dismissed in circumstances which strike us as harsh and callous.

Bristow, who has served the railway company faithfully for twenty-eight years, recently saw a small piece of wood lying about the goods-yard.

He took it and set it to one side. A policeman who saw him do so came up and questioned him. Bristow freely admitted that he intended to take the wood home for fuel.

To his astonishment he was marched off to the police-station and charged with attempted theft.

Feeling that he had nothing whatever to be ashamed of, Bristow pleaded guilty in court to the intention of taking the discarded wood for his own use, and the magistrates dismissed the case on payment of costs.

As the outcome of this incident, Bristow has now lost his job. He naturally feels indignant that he should have been shown such scant consideration by his employers.

As we have mentioned, he has served the railway company faithfully for twenty-eight years; and during that time he has lost two fingers through accidents occurring in the ordinary course of his duty.

The value of the wood he was going to take has been assessed at 3d.

Surely the railway authorities cannot have taken these facts into account. We urge them to give Bristow's case sympathetic reconsideration, and, if possible, to reinstate him.

Don't Trust

SINGER'S SIKEN SONG

FOR sheer impudence it would be impossible to equal the offer just made by a concern known as the Singer Share Trust, of 21, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

In circulars which it has widely distributed throughout the country, it claims to have evolved a unique plan, whereby people of limited means can have a finger in financial pies that have hitherto been reserved for the wealthy.

Accompanying its circulars it sends a green-bordered certificate, termed a "Special Subscription Privilege"; and by filling in a coupon and sending a remittance of £12 to the Copthall Avenue office, investors will qualify for ten "depository shares" in the Singer Manufacturing Company of America and Great Britain.

It is said that 100 "depository shares" represent one actual share in the famous sewing-machine company.

Doubtless a number of innocent people would be so impressed by this opportunity of obtaining shares in such

an established profit-making concern that they would send their money without question.

But what are the facts?

In the first place, the Singer Manufacturing Company has at once dissociated itself from the offer, and the proposition is really a repetition of the Ford Units ramp that was so widely successful a few years ago.

What is the Singer Share Trust?

Investigation shows that it is merely the business name for an individual named John Thomas Martin, whose "usual residence" is given at Somerset House as the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, London, W.C.

The Copthall Avenue office consists of one little room.

And Mr. Martin's circulars constitute a direct infringement of the new Companies Act, which is specially designed to protect innocent investors from such flat-traps.

The Board of Trade must act immediately, and call the Singer Share Trust to strict account.

BARRY'S FAMOUS TWEED SUIT £2:2:0 TO MEASURE

(No extras for any style.)

Whether you have seen our patterns in past seasons or not, write for our wonderful new ranges of Suitings. They are sent positively free without any obligation on your part. They represent the most stupendous values ever offered.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

Handsome Fashion Brochure and our unique unfailing Self-Measure Chart accompany every set of patterns. We guarantee perfect fitting garments by mail—or cheerfully refund cash in full—plus 2/6 more by way of indemnity.

WHY BUY READY MADE?

**000 FLANNEL
REEFER**
(SB. or DB.)
TO MEASURE 25/-
TROUSERS 12/9

**THE BARILAIN
INDIGO DYED**
LONDON SHRUNK 100%
ALL-WOOL TWO-FOLD
WORSTED YARN
**BLUE SERGE
SUIT**
TO MEASURE
£3.3.0

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
GUARANTEED PURE
**SCOTCH WOOL
SPORTS SUIT**
TO MEASURE
£3.10.0

WRITE NOW
OR CALL.

Those calling may be
measured in our Showrooms.



Or by
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CABARDINE
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S.A. BARRY & CO. LTD.
(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

(Near Moorgate Train and Tube Terminals.)

**BETTER THAN EVER
THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY STORM
COAT ON THE MARKET
THE FAMOUS BARRICO**
(THE ABSOLUTELY GENUINE OFFICER'S 4-IN-1 MODEL)

30/- POST PAID OR WITHOUT FLEECE LINING 25/6

Everybody should invest in a Barrico, the new and improved raincoat which may be relied on in every climatic emergency. Why not seize this special offer and procure yours at this advantageous price? Every coat is fitted with detachable wool lining, and the famous Norsark oil-skin, which renders the garment impervious to rain, sleet or hail. Ideal in all weathers. Free of all rubber, hygienic and odourless.

Post us your remittance for 30/- or 25/6 for this Ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

**PLUVEX
ROOF FELT**

Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds at 5/6. Heavy grade 8/6. Every roll guaranteed. Used under tile on concrete prevents rot.

LASTS LONGEST! Of ironmongers everywhere.

**EARN MORE
MONEY. BE AN AGENT.**

We offer you extra liberal commission to obtain orders in your spare time for our world-famous Boots, Suits, Cravats, Cycles, Clocks, Bedding, etc. Cash or Credit. No waiting. Payment immediately you start selling. A great opportunity. Write for particulars now to—**MASTERS, LTD., RYE.** (Estd. 1869.)

Turn to "JOHN BULL'S" £500 "CROSSWORD" on Page 36

The Finest Cycle Value in England is Offered
in **SELFRIDGE'S TOURIST MODEL**

9/3

with Order,
and 14
monthly pay-
ments of 9/3
completes
purchase of
this super
Bicycle.

COMPLETE
SATISFACTION

GUARANTEED
30 YEARS



Specification includes:
DUNLOP
ROADSTER TYRES.
DUNLOP
WATERPROOF SADDLE.
RENOLD
Half-inch PITCH CHAIN.
STURMEY
ARCHER 3-SPEED.
OILBATH
GEAR CASE.

VALANCED
HUB GUARDS.

BLUEBEL 15"x1" PUMP.
Solid Leather Tool Bag.
Tools, Oil and Reflector
Included Free.

OXFORD ST.

Cash Price

WELDLESS STEEL FRAMES

£5.19.6

Carriage Paid

rust-proofed, beautifully enamelled and
lined. All usual parts heavily plated or
all weather finish same price.

Send at once for Illustrated List. **SELFRIDGE & CO., LONDON.**

HOW TO GET RID OF A SHINY NOSE

PERMANENTLY

(By a Skin Specialist.)

No man likes to see a woman take out her powder puff and commence powdering her face at a Thé Dansant, to hide her shiny nose and other complexion defects. By blending a little mousse of cream with her face powder, any woman can easily make her powder stay on all day. The mousse of cream causes the powder to cling to the skin in spite of heat, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing. Its continued use has a tonic effect on the skin and will soon banish a shiny nose permanently. The mousse of cream in Poudre Tokalon is scientifically blended in just the right proportion during the process of its manufacture. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Invisible on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fas-



cinating. Three million women use this powder every morning. Women of England, France, Italy and America—the most lovely and beautiful women of the world—now insist on having Poudre Tokalon. Get it to-day. It only costs 1/- a box, large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3, Refills 9d. Large de Luxe Compacts 1/9, Refills 1/-.

Daily Mishaps Make
ZAM-BUK
A Daily Need

**FUNNY WAY TO
TREAT RHEUMATICS**

Never heard about relery for Rheumatism? Ask your doctor. Each Fuller's Colary Pearls (small and easy to take) contains the medicinal two grains of salicylate of soda in gelatin. 3/- or 5/- from Boots or any chemist or direct by post on 2100 money-back guarantee from Prof. Fuller, 1, Cruikshank Place, London, E.C.3.

AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH AFTER BALDNESS—BY USING KOTALKO

Mrs. Cussell, of Ipswich, writes:



"Dear Sirs.—When I began to use KOTALKO my head was bare and scalp quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained about a handful of hair. I had used many preparations, but none of them had prevented the existing condition. You can imagine the amazement of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, new hair could be seen all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with a new growth of thick hair which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my waist in splendid condition."

Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped, and dandruff eliminated. KOTALKO is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair or other hereditary troubles.

**SEND THIS COUPON
(OR COPY IT)**

To **JOHN HART BRITAIN, LTD.**
2, PERCY ST. (53NN), LONDON, W.1.

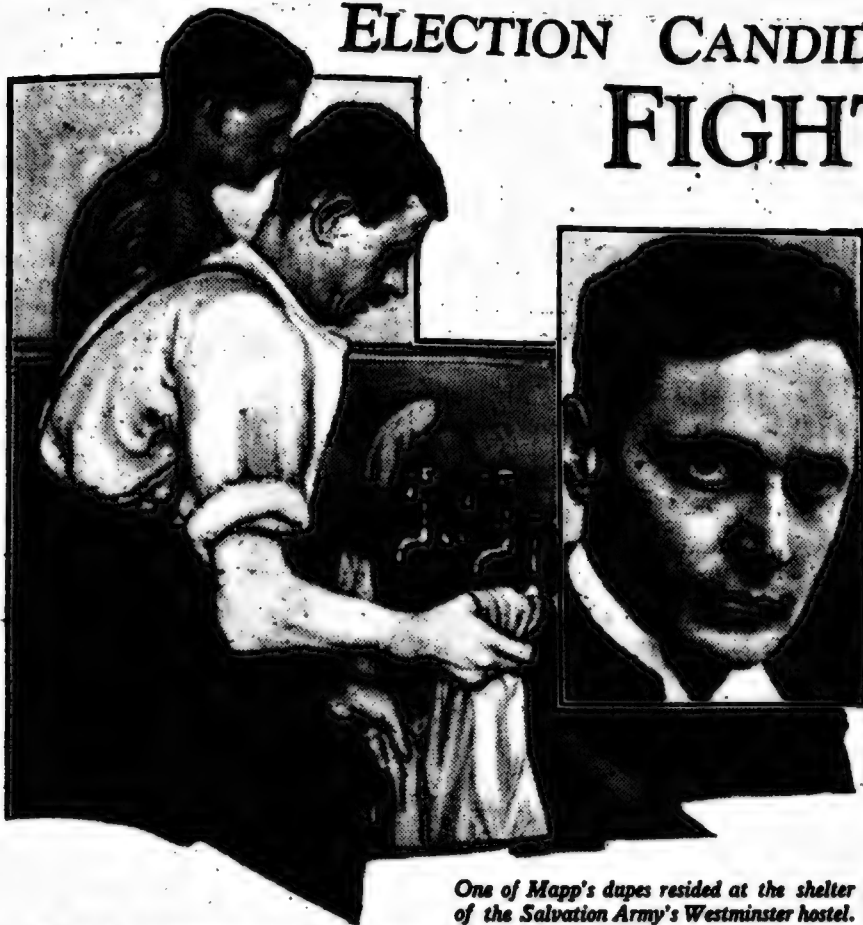
Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

**KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER**

ELECTION CANDIDATE'S FIGHTING FUND Scandal



One of Mapp's dupes resided at the shelter of the Salvation Army's Westminster hostel. This picture shows men washing their clothes at the hostel. The portrait is Mapp's

THE Parliamentary constituency of St. George's—Hanover Square Division—is one of the most important in London, numbering amongst its voters a large number of peers, titled people and Members of Parliament.

The Conservative candidate who was returned at the recent General Election for this division is Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary of State for War in the last Administration.

Badly hoaxed

Nevertheless, the constituency was badly hoaxed by a remarkable man named C. F. L. Mapp, who became conspicuous about six weeks ago by announcing his intention of contesting the division as an Independent candidate.

His variety of independence was mysterious from the first. He declared himself an "Independent Liberal."

Yet he professed to ally himself very closely with Mr. Lloyd George's Party; and at the same time he gave out that he was supported by friends in both the Conservative and Labour Parties!

He headed his printed matter with the declaration: "I hereby give my

word to my constituency to carry the pledge given to the nation by the Official Liberal Organisation and to support the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P."

His slogans included "My Word is My Bond" and "Your Own Man," and if anyone asked why, as a professed supporter of Mr. Lloyd George, he had not joined the Liberal Party, he glibly replied that the electors of St. George's did not want a shackled candidate.

"They want a man directly responsible to them," he explained; "their own man!"

With this pert answer he contrived to cloak the real truth—that the Liberal Party headquarters refused to have him at any price.

Shown the door

When he called there one day to get his candidature officially confirmed, and incidentally to arrange for financial assistance, he grew so abusive on being turned down that he was shown the door.

The Liberal Party officials were wise. Mr. Mapp has not become a Mem-

ber of Parliament. His election campaign, which started with a great fanfare of trumpets, and which continued almost until the eve of the election, came to an abrupt end.

Many people who at first believed this man who spoke so proudly of his word being his bond have discovered to their cost that he is not the champion he professed to be.

So many enquiries have latterly been made for him by creditors and others at the Whitehall offices of the Liberal Party that officials there have grown heartily sick of his name.

One of his agents was an ex-major, who believed Mapp to be a wealthy financier.

On Mapp's behalf he went to several firms and arranged for the furnishing of the prospective candidate's committee-rooms at Warwick Square. Those firms which gave credit were soon pressing in vain for their money.

Enquiry agents

One is a big store near Victoria Station, which supplied various pieces of furniture. Unable to obtain satisfaction, it eventually engaged an enquiry-agent to look into Mapp's private affairs.

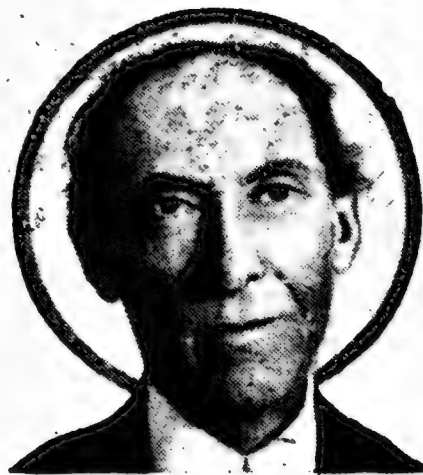
As a result the firm distrained upon the premises and succeeded in getting back some of its goods.

Several local traders have also been badly taken in.

One is a dealer, who, believing that a Parliamentary candidate in such an important division must be above reproach, supplied Mapp with all kinds of household articles.

Another is a firm of provision-merchants, which supplied foodstuffs to Mapp and his family until it finally realised that payment was not forthcoming. Even a local restaurant proprietor is still owed money for meals.

These facts are illuminating when we consider that "A Great Money Shortage" was the heading of one of Mapp's election



Mr. J. M. M. Erskine, M.P. for St. George's for years, stood down in favour of Sir L. Worthington-Evans

articles. Evidently that was written from the heart.

Before he suddenly abandoned his constituency he ran an appeal called the "Mapp Fighting Fund," and urged all who could to help him in his campaign and "to contribute substantially."

Debts all round

In these circumstances it would be interesting to know how much he received and what has been done for it.

When the ex-major found that debts were accruing all round and that he himself could not obtain money due to him, he decided to leave Mapp to his own resources.

Since then all this ex-officer's attempts to get satisfaction have failed. Several other members of Mapp's election staff have had similar experiences.

One is a young man named Jeffries, who obtained a position with Mapp as "orderly" at a salary plus an allowance for board and lodging, which was to be paid to a Salvation Army hostel.

Mr. Jeffries worked for twelve hours a day under Mapp's instructions without getting his salary.

Angry callers

Latterly he found himself chiefly occupied in coping with angry callers who were not worried by political matters, but by outstanding accounts. Meanwhile, the hostel which put up Jeffries at Mapp's request cannot get him to pay its bill.

Another man employed by Mapp has been reduced to walking the streets as a result of his association with this Independent Liberal, who must give some explanation for his erratic election exploits.

Weekly Informations—

—from Sir Wyndham Childs

HARDEN your HEARTS

GEORGE BRETON is again sending out postal appeals on behalf of his "Poor Children's Society," of Shaftesbury Hall, Trinity Street, Borough.

This is a bogus charity, and readers should ignore appeals.

However skilful you may be, you will only be wasting your time by entering competitions run by the GOODHOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY of Montreal.

This concern has a habit of assuring all entrants that their solutions are "absolutely correct" in order to encourage them to sell ointment on its behalf.

Any who try to back out at this stage receive letters from a so-called "Advocate" threatening proceedings in the English courts.

Incidentally, this threat of proceedings is conveyed in a letter printed on a stock form.

The whole scheme is, of course, preposterous.

F. PARKER AND CO., of Belfast, advertise in various English provincial papers for part-time workers. Although they style themselves "publishers," they are really fee-snatching home-employment mongers and should be rigidly avoided.

Don't have any dealings with THE ABBEY TRUST, of Chancery Lane, London, W.C. It extracts substantial fees from small traders on the pretext of being able to help them to purchase a business.

I have received letters from numerous clients of this Trust, all of which convince me that it is anything but helpful.

W. D. S. DUNN AND CO., of 201, London Road, Liverpool, is another concern which affects to help people to purchase businesses. But it also pockets the fees demanded for preliminary investigations, and its offers should be ignored.

Don't on any account place bets with GEORGE MORRISON, of Pall Mall, London, S.W. I am constantly receiving letters from readers who complain that they have been unable to induce him to pay them their just winnings in respect of sporting transactions. He is a bookmaker to avoid.

If you own your own business and receive an offer from the CARLYLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, of Kingsway, London, to the effect that it will give you a free "write-up" in one of its publications, turn it down at once.

The company stipulates that the blocks used for illustration must be paid for, and subsequently charges exorbitant rates, so that the "free" write-up becomes a very costly affair.



A Free Camera for Every Reader

When baby is romping on the lawn; when your sweetheart is dipping into that box of chocolates; when you are having an outing with your friends don't you often wish that you could perpetuate these happy memories by snapping them with a camera?

This is your very last chance to accept the offer which JOHN BULL is making to every reader: A "J.B. Ensign" Camera free—not only one for you, but one for your friend as well.

Like that picture which you wished you had snapped, this opportunity will never occur again.

Applications by the thousands have been pouring in, and the huge stocks are dwindling, so unless you act immediately the opportunity of obtaining a high-grade all-British camera free will have vanished for ever.

While there is yet time, turn to page 14, and then fill up the forms. Do it now—this offer will not appear again.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT

A J.B. ENSIGN CAMERA FREE FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND

THIS IS YOUR VERY LAST CHANCE

THIS is your **very last chance** to secure a "J.B. Ensign" Camera Free—not only for yourself but for a friend as well. This is our final offer and no applications will be entertained after first post **Thursday, June 20th**. If you wish to share in this great Free distribution of "J.B. Ensign" Cameras you *must* hurry or you'll be too late.

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper.

BOTH "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits, and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever. But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer: If you will—

1. give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks,
2. find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks.

we will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE. It is a condition, of course that the friend introduced by you is **NOT** already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sundays. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly. As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers, which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull," properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published on the right.

TAKE the first step towards securing "John Bull's" magnificent gift by getting the form below filled in to-day. These forms reserve in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once.

Get the forms below
filled in to-day!



Rules and Conditions.

It is important that the rules and conditions below are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.

The object of this scheme is to get bona fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below.

For your convenience and so that your Gift reaches you ready for immediate use, we have arranged with the manufacturers to include with each camera one 2 1/2 "Ensign" film which will take six pictures, size 2 1/2 in. by 3 1/2 in. When your Gift Voucher is complete and NOT before, all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with a postal order for 2/-, which covers the ordinary retail price of the "Ensign" film which is included with your camera and also the cost of actual postage and packing on your Gift. Your camera thus reaches you completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack it. Further films are obtainable at all local dealers.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift set and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

OUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.
To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.10), 12-16, Wilson St., London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT

1. Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms. This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

NAME
ADDRESS

Give below name and address of Newsagent.
("John Bull")

("The People")

*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."
N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form which appears on p. 38, J.B. 8.6.29. Available until 20.6.29. Please write clearly.

N.B.—Do not separate these forms—send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has personally signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.
Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.
N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

DATE **A 10**

Checked.....

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST be filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.10), 12-16, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months. I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

(* Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own. Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull")

("The People")

*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked.....

1d. stamp
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From: "JOHN BULL," Gift Department,
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name

Address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Out out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp and send in with these Forms.

DAUNTLESS BREASTS in CHEST PROTECTORS

I HAVE been asked by a respected correspondent to use my "powerful pen" in the denunciation of the inroads which are being made upon the liberties of the individual in these days. I am sorry to disoblige, but I believe my pen, "powerful" or otherwise, can be put to much better use.

There has been more clotted nonsense written on this subject of late than on any other that I can remember.

We have our shortcomings, but we have solved the problem of personal freedom and social restraint better than any people on earth, and the attempt to scare us into the notion that we are the oppressed slaves of the bureaucracy is as fatuous a stunt as was ever conceived.

I am more concerned about another and much more real evil which is permeating society, and which those who believe in the democratic form of government have most reason to fear.

Sturdy self-reliance

It is the loss of that spirit of sturdy self-dependence and self-reliance which is the most valuable character of a people.

Burns, in one of his most famous poems, speaks of "the glorious privilege of being independent" as the highest of human ideals, and it is that quality in himself which makes him the most authentic voice of all that is best in the democratic idea.

It was the passion for personal self-dependence and the instinct of self-reliance that were the secret of the extraordinary success of the Scotch people in the past and of every people that has achieved greatness.

No nation ever came to power on spoon-feeding, and the doom of the Roman Empire set in when the glorious privilege of being independent gave place to reliance on "bread and circuses" and the distribution of the plunder of the State.

We are not exempt from this menace to-day. It is a menace inherent in democracy, and only an instructed democracy, which sees in that menace its own inevitable doom, can ward it off.

During the recent election we have seen the Parties bidding for votes against each other like cheap-jacks at a Dutch auction. "Give us power" was the refrain from every platform, "and we will give you this, that and the other from the public purse."

Bargain-sale politics

The appeal is rarely to the conscience of the nation, but nearly always to its immediate appetites. This bait is thrown out to the farmer, and that is thrown out to the industrialist, and the other to the manufacturer, and so on.

The only interest left out of this bargain-sale politics is the interest of the community, which ought to be the only interest that is considered.

In this way the whole public attitude to the State is being corrupted

The Wallace Monument at Stirling stands as an eternal reminder of that grand independence for which Wallace lived and died

and degraded. The elector is encouraged to think of his vote as a bargaining counter and of the public finances as a means for private plunder.

The nemesis of such a profligate political doctrine is swift and sure. We have seen its ruinous consequences on the local plane in such cases as those of Poplar and West Ham.

We are seeing its effect on the national plane at the present time in Australia, where the gospel of State plunder has been carried to such an extreme that what ought to be one of the most prosperous countries in the world is faced with financial catastrophe and economic collapse. (See the alarming speech delivered recently by Mr. Bruce, the Commonwealth Prime Minister.)

We ourselves are travelling dangerously far and dangerously rapidly on the same road, and there seems no Party which has the courage to call a halt.

I am not speaking here of wise and reproductive social expenditure. I am speaking of the fantastic notion that the national exchequer is a sort of inexhaustible lucky-bag into which

by A. G. GARDINER

Sir Robert Kindersley, banker and independent mind, presides over National Savings

Mr. Bruce is above. Australian Premier, he fears his country's prosperity is threatened by lack of independence

General Seely, soldier and adventurer, is chairman of the National Savings Committee

Institutions. The money was severely, though justly, administered, and there was short shrift for the malingerer.

It is that spirit of responsibility and self-respecting independence which should be preserved in all our social experiments. It should be preserved not only because national bankruptcy is the inevitable end of spoon-feeding, but because spoon-feeding is fatal to the morale of any people.

In this respect America is a better model than Australia. The individual is not encouraged to exploit the State and plunder the community. Indeed—and in this the United States is inviting trouble—there is not even a national insurance against unemployment.

But the Ford philosophy of high wages and high production, which is universal throughout the States, is solving the problem of industry as well as it is being solved anywhere, with astonishing success so far as the national prosperity is concerned, and with the preservation of the maximum of self-dependence on the part of the worker.

In the struggle before us that country will win whose people most appreciate the glorious privilege of being independent and who look least to the State to perform functions which the individual should perform for himself.

The Burns ideal

And, lest it should seem that I have stated the tendency of the time too strongly, let me close on a note which shows that the mass of our people are still inspired by the Burns ideal.

I have just had placed before me the latest returns of the National Savings Committee, which show that certificates to the total of £909,508,474 have now been issued.

Add to this vast sum the deposits in the Post Office and in savings-banks, and the investments in friendly societies, insurance societies, building societies and so on, and we have savings, mainly of the industrial class, of not much less than £2,000,000,000.

I doubt whether there is any other country that can equal this record.

The Real

BULLDOG BREED



"I am satisfied..."

A few weeks ago we told our readers the story of Richard Cowling and his pension.

It is a curious tale. Through thirty-four years he was a devoted member of the local life-boat crew. Then he acted as shore signalman through fourteen further years.

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution felt that such sterling merit could not pass unhonoured.

So, when Cowling retired at the age of seventy-five, it presented him with a framed certificate and a pension of three-ha'pence a day.

The "Angel of S.W.6" read this tale of rewards. She—in case you have not heard of her before—is a woman of mystery and great-hearted charity.

Whenever she learns through her weekly JOHN BULL of someone whose

WE have discovered the most sturdily independent man in Britain. He is Richard Cowling, and he lives at Scarborough.

plight touches her sympathy, she comes to the rescue in the most practical manner possible.

She sends us a registered letter, from the London S.W.6 postal district, containing money, and an anonymous note indicating to what end she wishes her gift to be used.

Richard Cowling's story brought a letter from her. It contained two Bank of England notes of £50 each.

Next, a JOHN BULL representative called on Mr. Cowling at Scarborough, and told him what this "Angel of S.W.6" had done to help him.

The old man was deeply touched by her promptly substantial sympathy.

But he refuses to touch a penny of the money.

"I am satisfied with what the Lifeboat Institution has done for me," he declared. "I don't want to accept this money."

"If you do as I wish, you'll take it, and give it to the institution. That would be the best possible thing that could be done."

No argument can shake the old fellow's decision.

We appeal to "the Angel" to let us know whether we may do as Richard Cowling desires with her splendid gift.



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to hear everything!

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On a woman entirely invisible, and on a man far less conspicuous than eyeglasses, the Fortiphone enables even the very deaf to hear from any angle and at any distance up to the normal hearing range. So pure and accurate in tone that all the joys of unrestricted hearing are given back to deaf ears. Not only voices, music, sermons, the drama, wireless, but even the song of birds, the rustle of a newspaper, the ticking of the clock! During the last two years, thousands of deaf people have discarded old-fashioned less efficient aids for the Fortiphone, which has amazed the scientific world and brought new hope to all deaf people.

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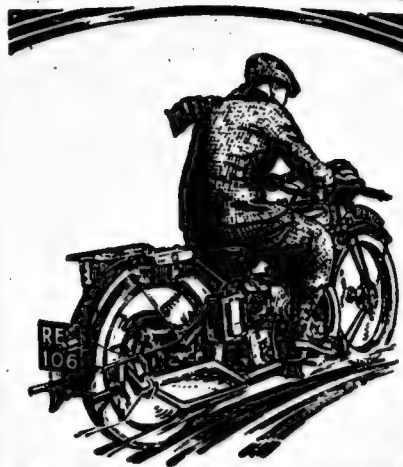
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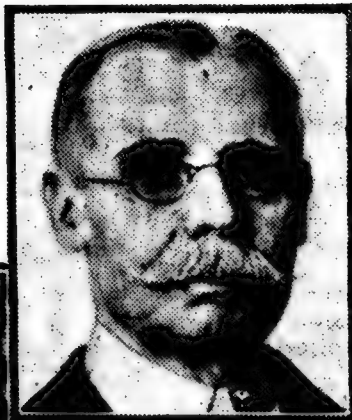
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119-129, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1

Can the MOVIES Save the CHURCH?

by

E. ROFFE
THOMPSON



This is Mr. Tiplady. He runs his kinema as a film show on week-days—without sermons

The man with a moustache is Lord Craigmyle. The parson preaching in a kinema is the Rev. T. Tiplady. He does it each Sunday

dressed to young men. In which he dealt with the same sort of thing.

"You constitute the first generation of human beings," he said, "who have sensed the possibilities of what the film may become. The failure of educational authorities, taken as a whole, to recognise this is saddening; and as for the Churches, their abstinence in their day of opportunity is maddening.

"For years these great agencies have seen this thing coming—this tremendous instrument for the propagation of knowledge—and they have lacked the intelligence and the purpose of mind to organise it, to take up the matter, to let it revivify education and reilluminate and reinvigorate religious life.

Take films to church

"On one day a week—namely, Sunday—if I were young and in your place, I would do the best that is in me to introduce the films into the religious service with skilled organisation and in a reverent spirit.

"The kinemas are filled to overflowing; the churches are more and more empty houses. It is for you young men to have a crusade on this subject, to show your independence, and to tear to pieces all ecclesiastical wet-blankets."

I think Lord Craigmyle is profoundly right.

It is a curious commentary on the spirit of the modern Church to recollect that in the Middle Ages, when religion was pure priestcraft, dehumanised, and a mystery to be penetrated only by the chosen few, they knew the value of the miracle play.

They saw nothing unholy in an alliance between the Church and the theatre.

Nor even to-day can I do anything but feel impressed by the pageantry that inspires a service in St. Peter's at Rome or Notre Dame in Paris.

There is no need whatever for religion to be drab and dull.

I got my first distaste for the unimaginative dullness of what passed for religion when I went to my first boarding-school at the age of twelve.

Many a time we were asked to sing a hymn, the first verse of which ran incredibly:

"I should like to die, said Willie,
If my Papa could die too;
But he says he isn't ready
'Cause he's got so much to do."

There were a lot of verses in which Willie pictured the delights of heaven and sorrowed at being compelled to stay so long on this miserable earth before he could taste them.

It was sorry stuff, and it left an impression that many years failed to eradicate.

I wonder how many people who to-day pass the Church by on the other side were fed on rubbish like that?

Even the Archbishop of York recently said there were only six hymns he could sing with any pleasure and sincerity!

Justified

Twenty million people in this country go to the kinema every week—how many go to church? That is the complete justification of Lord Craigmyle's plea.

The Churches can grasp their opportunity if they will only realise that people to-day want a religion that is life.

Youth is questing and questioning—will not the Church rouse itself in answer?

For Youth is also growing up. Soon the opportunity will have passed by.

I DO not suppose there was ever a time in the history of mankind when progress was so rapid as it is to-day.

We take things for granted that only yesterday would have brought us into the streets in gaping crowds.

It is, in fact, an age of quest—and questioning—with an educated, eager and restless Youth always to the fore.

That is perhaps the most astonishing phenomenon of all. Modern Youth is an invention that bids fair to outstrip all the rest.

Young people want to know—and they are no longer content to be staved off by moth-eaten notions, neither are they in the least inclined to listen to anyone who cannot meet them frankly on their own plane of analytical searching.

They are the product of the war, which overthrew more than Kaisers and dynasties. Traditions and beliefs, creeds and dogmas and all the bulwarks of an arid intellectuality were shattered by the guns that, in destroying one generation, brought another into being.

Most of us have recognised this, but the Church—always peculiarly unresponsive to the real needs of its time—still seems to think that nothing is changed.

Stirring in sleep

It no longer, it is true, confines itself to holding out the rewards of a future life as compensation for the sufferings of this one; it has even begun to realise that the prevention and abolition of war, the sweeping away of slums and the reorganisation of society into something more like civilisation, are as much a part of its duty and its province as the singing of hymns.

Yet it does not attract Youth. Not only are its congregations dwindling; they are becoming more and more elderly. Youth is questing and questioning elsewhere.

I do not think this is due to the fact that modern Youth cares nothing for religion. I doubt if you can find me anyone who really cares nothing for religion.

A healthy scepticism of dogma, a dislike of heated squabbles about things that don't touch real life, and a suspicion that truth does not necessarily reside exclusively in a surplice are not symptoms of an irreligious mind.

They are signs that those who really want to know are not being told.

That is why, while the churches are empty on Sundays, the kinemas are full, the tennis-courts are crowded and the countryside is overflowing.

I recently went to a church that I was told was "different."

It was; and if I did not go to scoff and remain to pray, I at least went indifferent and came away enthusiastic.

Facing the facts

I heard an address that hardly mentioned God. It said things that mattered about things that matter. The speaker faced the facts and the problems of life with a frankness and a boldness that is rarely heard even on a political platform.

When he had finished he invited questions—and he got them. They were written down and handed up in scores.

And they were answered as frankly as they were asked.

Is it any wonder that this particular church is always crowded, or that young people form the bulk of the congregation?

Does it not point the moral that the Churches should wake up and, so to

speak, fight the devil with his own weapons?

The Salvation Army never had any doubt that the way to make people like their religion was to make it attractive and to hitch it up to all the ordinary enjoyments of life.

It has never had the least use for gloom and dolefulness and the kill-joy spirit. It may be a trifle raucous—but it is overwhelmingly sincere.

Do you remember when William Booth died? Do you recollect how he forbade black and mourning, how he ordered the Army to wear white and go singing to the graveside?

They had, he said, been preaching

for years that death was nothing but a transition to a fuller and happier life. Why, then, be self-confessed humbugs and weep and wall when one of their number left them to go to such a life?

It is all this sort of thing that fosters the very real sympathy and human understanding without which no religion can be a real living force. For it deals with everyday reality.

That is the reason I want to know why, if young people prefer going to the kinema to going to church, should the Church not bring the kinema into its own precincts? Is it apathy—or is it still considered sinful to be happy on the Sabbath Day?

Lord Craigmyle wrote a remarkable article the other day ad-

The Human Machine

THE GORGEOUS FAILURE

ONE of mankind's greatest delusions is that to acquire wealth, power and social position is to achieve success.

It may be—sometimes. Mostly it is an empty pursuit, and it rarely builds up an affection or a memory that lives five minutes after death.

Some of the biggest failures—as the world counts failure—will be remembered and revered long after people have forgotten the very names of glittering successes.

There was President Wilson. The world said he failed. He died a crippled, broken-hearted man: but the League of Nations stands—and some day his name will be honoured when many a military hero is forgotten.

"Americans of the future," said General Smuts, "will yet proudly and gratefully rank him with Washington and Lincoln, and his fame will have a more universal significance than theirs."

So will General Smuts be remembered. So will Edith Cavell and Elsie Inglis and a score of others.

None of them hid his convictions in order to shout with the mob and gain a cheap popularity. They all followed the dictates of conscience and stood by a faith that often meant unpopularity and scorn.

So did Christ. It must have seemed to the onlookers an inglorious end to be hanged on a cross between two thieves.

How they must have howled "Failure!"
And how history has mocked their judgment!
All defeats are not failure—so why be afraid?

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CFR 153



STALEMATE; or, The Retreat from the Polls

The LOSER Holds the Ace

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

WHEN we published the final figures of our secret ballot we, or rather our readers, were laughed at for the tremendous Conservative landslide that was predicted and for the heavy support that they prophesied for the Liberals.

The result of the Election however, shows that the readers of JOHN BULL have, not for the first time, proved themselves a delicate barometer of public opinion.

Their straw ballot gave Labour a majority with 285 seats.

That the Liberals did not gain the number of seats allotted to them does not destroy the value of the forecast. Under any sensible electoral system they would have got practically the identical number of seats forecast by our ballot on the strength of the surprisingly large poll they achieved.

In the position of virtual stalemate such as has resulted, Mr. Lloyd George holds, as he hoped he would, the key position.

Assuming that the new Parliament is conscientious and devoted to duty and able to muster its full voting strength, Mr. Lloyd George can undoubtedly set the pace to a very large extent.

If he is as sincere as his pre-election protestations sounded, he will insist on the Government putting into practice plans for alleviating unemployment that the Liberal Party has been at such pains to work out in detail.

MR. BALDWIN has paid the penalty of five years of inaction, and, despite the queer political situation, an imperative need of the country is action pursued with real vision and vigour.

There is no real necessity for the muddle of another election in the near future, however certain it may be. There is plenty to be done, and it does not matter very greatly which Party sets about the task.

Certainly, pending the almost inevitable reconstruction of the electoral law, the best way to enfranchise the millions whom an absurd

and out-of-date system has disfranchised is for the Government to concentrate for a long time to come on urgent and non-controversial measures to meet the crisis that has lasted long enough to become a peril.

The new Parliament is going to be a test of sincerity as much as any test of political ability and sagacity.

Whenever the next election comes, we would not give much for the chances of any Member of Parliament who has not attended strictly to business with his whole attention fixed on the good of the nation rather than the advantage of his Party.

The provision of work at home and the cementing of peace abroad are the two objects that the entire electorate expects any Government to achieve. There is nothing in either of these that need cause any of the Parties to quarrel.

NEITHER is there cause of dispute in securing real and drastic economy in every possible way, but particularly by way of bringing about a genuine reduction of the intolerable burden of armaments.

All three Parties have never tired of proclaiming their belief in the need for this and the possibility of its achievement. Now is the time for them to put their protestations into practice.

We have always said in JOHN BULL that when it comes to any real national need there is precious little to choose among the men in all Parties who have the real good of the nation at heart.

Without any formal Coalitions, there was never a better chance than now for all these—the best elements in all Parties—to combine to get through the House of Commons as quickly as possible the necessary legislation to make reality of a score of oft-repeated pledges.

If any idea of uncertainty exists, it is in the mind of the politician, not in the minds of the people. They have done their job; they have sacked one lot of legislators and installed another.

It is for the politicians to get busy.

SINCE JOHN BULL's policy is to give every side of every question a hearing, the article by "A. A. B." on page 7 finds a natural place in our pages.

That the views he expresses also find a place in the thoughts of anyone except the survivors of an age that

Pampered penury used to sing with gusto about "The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate," we much doubt.

They expound an opinion of the working-man which, if we may borrow a now famous phrase, is not only pre-war but pre-Boer War.

One might think, reading his article, that England is an earthly Paradise for the manual worker, who, we are asked to believe, is the pampered darling of society.

Yet, despite all the showers of blessings that a beneficent Legislature has conjured on their heads, one in every seven families is below the poverty line—lacking very literally the bare essential minimum of subsistence.

They cannot buy such elementary necessities as bread, meat, milk and butter in sufficient quantities to sustain life adequately. They cannot clothe themselves decently.

The Prince of Wales could not find words strong enough to describe the misery of which he was an eye-witness in his recent tour.

THERE seems to be something wrong either with the country or with the argument of our contributor.

The truth is that there has been a steadily growing conviction in all Parties that the well-being of the country depends on the well-being of every member of the community. That is why what "A. A. B." calls the "soothing title of social services" is, every year, figuring more and more prominently in legislation.

Poverty is a curable disease—and every Party has seen the wisdom of applying every practicable remedy.

To call this "State pampering" is to play with words, and to give every justification to those who insist that the idea of class warfare is not confined to one side.



This man lives in a London suburb. For forty years he has voted Liberal—yet he has never managed to return a Member to Parliament.



Mr. A. Duff Cooper persuaded 29,424 Oldham electors that he was just the man for them. But all in vain. He missed the boat by 3,303 votes

20,532 Birmingham voters approved the record of Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Mr. Baldwin's Minister of Labour, but their votes were waste paper. He got turned out

wake up praising Baldwin for what he did for broccoli.

Perhaps, after all, they considered a trip to a polling-booth as a waste of time, because, under the present electoral system, they feel their vote might be thrown away.

Let us consider the case of a man or woman living in Huddersfield who disliked Socialism. 41,759 people living in the same place had the same idea.

But 25,966 people in Huddersfield liked Socialism and their word was law; so that Mr. T. H. Hudson will soon be catching the London

mons meets, a representative elected on the popular vote.

Now, the House of Commons is said to be the best club in London. The tea and coffee there are good. And so is the food when there is time to eat it. Mr. A. Law, the newly-elected Socialist Member for Rossendale, will soon be able to sample all these amenities.

Two out of every three people in his constituency did not want him to enjoy them, but one person in three did, and Mr. Law had no choice in the matter. He simply had to go. The mayor told him that he was at the top of the poll, and Mr. Law's reply was drowned in cheering.



21,844 voters hated the thought of Lady Astor representing them at Plymouth (Sutton); but she does so just the same

THE General Election has cost the country nearly two and a half million pounds. Over twenty-eight million people had a vote. One vote, therefore, cost one shilling and ninepence.

This cannot be considered dear for Government spending—that is to say, if everyone voted and every vote counted. But everyone did not vote. Every vote did not count.

On May 30 nearly six million people did not bother to use their votes. They did not want representation in the House of Commons. Socialism held no message for them; they were not interested in Mr. Baldwin's policy of "Safety First"; Mr. Lloyd George's zippy cure for unemployment left them cold.

They stayed away from the polling-booths.

But their votes cost one-and-ninepence each, and the country paid for them. Nearly half a million pounds of public money was poured down the drain.

If a man threw away the same sum we should like to be somewhere near. If we arrived late we should denounce him as a fool.

Why the apathy?

But what is behind the apathy of the six million men and women who sat on a one-and-ninepenny ballot-paper and kept their political opinions to themselves?

Perhaps they are neither foolish nor indifferent. Perhaps they go to sleep with a portrait of Ramsay MacDonald above their bed or

express and a first-class compartment free of charge (as by Act of Parliament allowed), and will arrive at Westminster as Labour member for Huddersfield.

The opinion of 41,759 people was ineffective against a different opinion held by 25,866 people. It is hard to pour scorn on the intelligence of a man who considers this sort of representation not worth going to the polling-booth about.

Another example is provided at the Hartlepoons. 45,456 went to the poll there.

They had studied the candidates' addresses and 28,185 of them had made up their minds that Mr. W. H. G. Gritten, the Conservative, made them cross in an entirely different way from that which he hoped. Briefly, they had no use for Mr. Gritten. It made them tired.

ELEVEN M USELESS C

They voted accordingly. But what could they do against the combined opinion of 17,271 stout-hearted Tories?

Very little. At all events, they could not keep Mr. Gritten out of Parliament. He will be there when the House of Com-

14,624 people did the cheering; 25,972 stood by looking glum. No doubt they felt sore.

If Miss Susan Lawrence is not smiling at the joke East Ham played on her, there is something amiss with her sense of humour.

Nineteen thousand-odd people did not want her at Westminster; thirteen thousand did. She's in.

And the Conservative and Liberal can enjoy the fun, too. That is the great thing about the popular vote. There is fun for everybody. Possibly that is why the vote is called "popular."

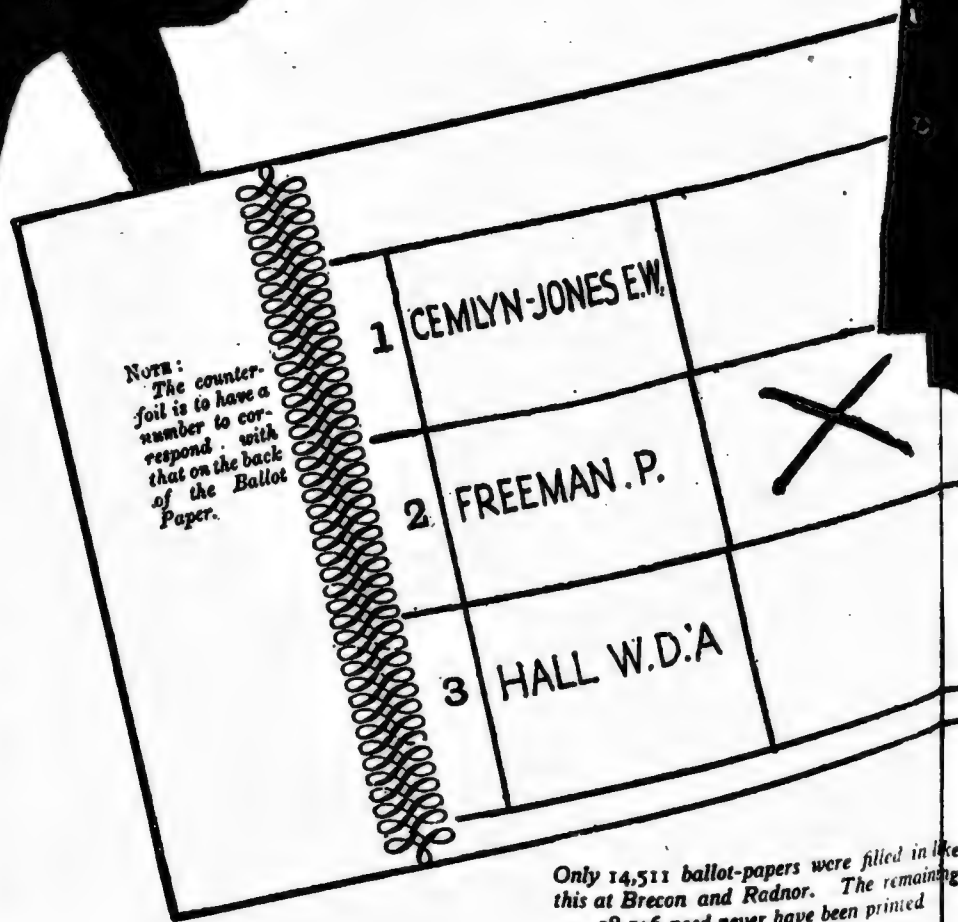
Mr. Llewellyn Jones, indeed, flew well in from Flintshire on a 7,834 minority vote. Our old friend Mr. Norman Birkett, the brilliant advocate, is the Member for East Nottingham on a similar vote of 6,848. Both are Liberals.

A sad case.

Mr. D. G. Somerville, Conservative, got "No Change" out of Willesden East. Seventeen thousand people wanted him; twenty-five thousand did not. He will be shaking hands with the Speaker soon.

To descend from the general to the particular. Here is the sad case of—let us call him—Mr. John Smith. He lives at Puddleton-cum-Morley. He is getting a bit long in the tooth now. For nigh on forty years he has voted Liberal whenever he has had the chance. But he has never been on the winning side.

It's a shame. But he is one of many thousands in the same boat. He is never represented at Westminster. Last time he made a very large cross. But it made no difference.



Only 14,511 ballot-papers were filled in like this at Brecon and Radnor. The remaining 28,506 need never have been printed

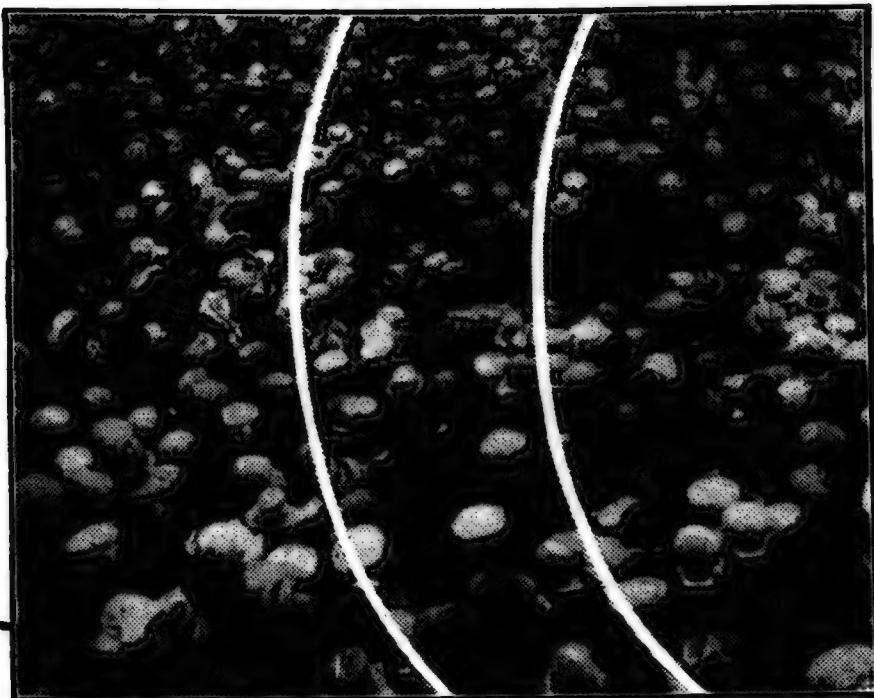
MILLION CROSSES

Yet across the valley, a few miles from his home, you always seem to win if the vote of the constituency goes against you. If you moved there you would always be represented. The polling can be two to one against you, but you'll romp home.

It is a straight fight in Puddleton-cum-Morley. In the last election the Tory only just scraped

Bristol v-c-
disapproved
Sir Thomas
p. They had
way. He
come out.

Nearly half England does not exist, so far as representation of the people is concerned. If you average out the population, the blank area voted in vain



At Southwark (North) there were 11,426 wasted crosses. Those on the left did not vote. The rest did. The few in the middle won.

Government is elected and the money can be written off as a dead loss.

But to return once more to our voters. Investigation of the situation now prevailing reveals an almost farcical state of affairs.

For example, had five hundred-odd Labour voters at Yardley, Birmingham, moved, bought houses, owned offices or temporarily emigrated to Paddington North, Labour would have won at Paddington, where the Conservative majority was 528. The constituency would have been a Labour gain. The Conservative would have been thrown out.

And the Labour gain at Yardley would not have been affected—except that the majority of 4,366 would have been diminished by five hundred odd.

Invading Scots.

Or again, if 800 Conservatives had taken their wives, goods and chattels from Ealing and taken up their abode in Kirkdale, Mr. R. Rankin would now be the Conservative M.P. for the latter place. As it was, Mr. Sandham, the Labour candidate, won by a majority of 793.

Ealing, with a clear majority of over 11,000, could have easily spared a mere eight hundred supporters.

Mr. Lloyd George was quite safe at Carnarvon with a comfortable majority of 9,000. But it was a different state of things in Lambeth (North). Here five hundred-odd Liberals, the contents of a small train-load, would have sent back Mr. F. Briant, the Liberal candidate, instead of Mr. G. R. Strauss, the Labour member.

In this plainly ridiculous system of Parliamentary representation lie possibilities for some clever manipulation of the Representation of the People Act. What is there to prevent an electioneering migration of voters from one area to another under the unofficial direction of the various Party headquarters?

We live in desperate times. Already Party headquarters evade the restrictions of election costs by printing expensive propaganda

matter and selling it to local headquarters at considerably less than half-price.

It would never appear strange if, for instance, five hundred or so Scots emigrated from their native heath and descended on Kirkdale, Tories to a man and woman.

Current history proves that where an absurd piece of legislation thwarts the will of the nation, a hundred ways can be discovered to circumvent the law.

The Representation of the People Act, 1918, was framed to make every vote of equal value. How, in the name of common-sense, does it do it?

If we take the figures of this last Election we discover the amazing fact that while, on the average in Great Britain, it required 33,000 Labour or Conservative votes to obtain one seat in the House of Commons, the Liberals only obtained a seat in exchange for each 100,000 of their ballot papers.

The knife cuts in every direction, irrespective of Party. Divide up any part of England, and a ludicrous situation will be found ruling in the area.

An apt illustration is provided by the results of the 1924 Election in eleven counties of Southern England. To secure one seat demanded the votes of 17,000 Conservatives, but 445,000 Liberals and 483,000 Socialists, all of whom voted for their respective candidates, received nothing at all.

It would baffle the most expert student of politics to say what school of political thought the present Parliament represented. It would give the most brilliant mathematician a headache to calculate the strength of the mandate behind any one of the three Parties as now represented at Westminster.

Complete caricature.

The thing is a complete caricature of the will of the nation.

So far as the political opinions of the country are concerned, the constitution of the present House of Commons is a farce, and 11,000,000-odd crosses have been made in vain.

Seven hundred and fourteen years ago, on the 15th of this month, Magna Carta was signed. It was the beginning of the straightening out of the political muddle reigning in our country.

Were the Barons who curbed the autocracy of King John optimistic? What would they think if they were alive to-day?



4,978 Twickenham voters who plumped for "Jix" in 1924 disapproved of him at the time. But their desire to do without him was baffled. He got in

in our Embassies abroad. It would have bought a fair part of a Field-Marshal. It would have provided an Admiral with the greater part of his expenses.

But let us ponder over the total sum of money wasted by constituencies in the last fight. Nearly six million voters dug in their gardens, went to the theatre, visited relations, played with the children—did anything on May 30 except enter a polling-booth.

Think of it; nearly half a million pounds. Five hundred thousand pounds of money provided for items which five million people had no use for!

We are perfectly certain that quite a lot of good work could be done with such a vast amount of money. But it is wasted. The

in. The voting was practically equal. It always is. Yet John Smith never gets any say in how things should be done up at Westminster.

There are many Puddleton-cum-Morleys in Great Britain. And in many of them the inhabitants are models of civic virtue. They waste only a small portion of public money. Nearly everyone votes.

Newport squandered £800 or thereabouts. This would have bought a First Secretary as used

Real Life Stories
by Famous Authors

What Odds?

or, Courier for Cupid



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*I was . . . tumbled about like a helpless lump of flotsam. In the process I became involved with another victim.
"She is the heroine of the tale. . . ."*

TRUTH stranger than fiction? I should say so! An author creates his characters, but he cannot do with them as he wills, for their lives must conform to probability and reason, at least to a certain degree.

When the Fates write our little tales they do just as they like with us, unhindered by any rules. I could quote a dozen instances. Here is one.

It opens with a big roller rushing in from the Pacific towards a golden horseshoe of beach at Sydney, Australia. The wave was carrying me and many others on its broad, round shoulder, for we were surfing.

There is no better sport than to swim out, wait until the wall of blue water mounts above, watch it while it curls over, flickering into a smoke of foam along the crest, catch its impetus with a few well-timed strokes, and be snatched up and hurried towards the beach.

The chariot of the wave is a roaring, frothing smother, and every nerve and muscle tingles.

Certain waves, however, are rogues. They are known by the apt name of "dumpers." Instead of rushing on in a smooth charge they curl over and crash down, driving their passengers to the bottom with painful force.

The expert, cunning in the way of the waves, detects such traps, and slipping back through them, escapes. I was not an expert, nor had I eyes for

by **DALE COLLINS**

Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock

experts. Delight in the mad whirl in the arms of the sea was my only sensation.

Then came the dump.

It was not pleasant. I was spread-eagled, hurled down, winded, tied in a knot and tumbled about like a helpless lump of flotsam.

In the process I became involved with another victim. She is the heroine of the tale, and if she enters rather breathless and not quite sure whether she is standing on her head or her feet, the Pacific must be blamed.

The introduction, if not quite conventional, was thorough and it served. Spluttering and staggering, we emerged quite good friends.

I am not, however, the hero of this tale. People who write are seldom fitted for that rôle, being in the main a dull and unimpressive crew, distinguished, if at all, only by their work.

Later, while we talked and sunbathed on the beach, the hero entered,

not in the flesh, but in the modern, allusive fashion.

"I am going to be stiff," she said. "A broken back added to a broken heart is positively revolting!"

Broken hearts are, of course, excellent merchandise. Many a piece of bread has been buttered with the proceeds. I became even more interested.

The sun was setting, the surf still thundered, the air was warm, the Australian spirit of easy friendliness prevailed—altogether an hour for confidences. I angled for them, and they came.

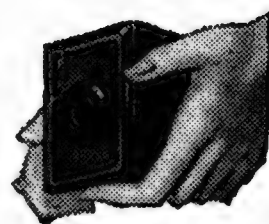
"It was all a stupid misunderstanding," she explained. "Being so fond of him, I was jealous. The friend who told me was so certain of her facts, and he'd sailed by the time I discovered that the man in the case was another of the same name staying at the same hotel."

"When I taxed him he was so hurt and I was so cross that we never got it cleared up. He sailed next day, as I tell you. It's hard to make up a quarrel with every hour putting more miles between you."

Their quarrel doesn't matter. It was a silly business and their own affair anyway. The man, an American—let us say his name was Smith, which it wasn't—had been on a business visit to Sydney.

"He's in the East now," she said, looking out wistfully at the eastern sky bright above the ocean. For all her

(Continued on page 24)



CLOSE-UPS AND LONGSHOTS

Why should Hollywood have all the close-ups? Why should all the close-ups be Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman? They're all right, but what about Dad and Mum? What about Joan and Barbara and Baby?

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Backache gone!

Cannow carry a sack of wheat

"I had a terrible pain in my back for two years, and I could not go to work. I spent pounds on different sorts of stuff, but nothing did me any good, until I tried Kruschen. I tried two bottles of Kruschen Salts. I am now back at work again, and I can carry a sack of wheat with anyone. Kruschen Salts is the best medicine under the sun. They have made a man of me. You can publish this in any paper you like."—G. D., Thorney, Cambs.

10th April, 1929.

Backache is Nature's way of letting you know your kidneys are shirking their job as filters of the human machine. Kruschen cannot fail to ensure the regular and smooth working of your kidneys. Keep up the "little daily dose," and you'll soon be congratulating yourself that, at long last, you've found the one unfailing means of keeping backache at bay.



KRUSCHEN

SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.



Lift right out, says Brighton Lady

Corns come right out, root and all, after a few Radox footbaths. Hard skin peels off. Tired and aching feet are rested and refreshed. This lady has put new life into her feet with regular Radox footbaths. Read her letter:

"I must tell you why I use Radox Bath Salts. I have a bad left leg, with corns generally on the toes and under the foot, and the front part of the foot is covered with hard, scaly skin—usually broken. A Radox footbath treats this very gently, and after bathing it becomes softer and the scales disappear: and the corn, just as you advertise, I can lift out. So I use Radox Bath Salts with success every time. Radox acts like gentle rain and sunshine on tired plants, and is a sheer joy for aching feet.

7th May, 1929. Mrs. E. M., Brighton.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

1/6
half-pound
pink packet.

Radox Bath Salts

Bring quick relief to aching feet

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per 1/2 lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

"What Odds?"—Continued from page 23

casual, slangy telling of the story, it was evident that she was very fond of Smith, and missed him and deplored the whole sorry business.

"Why don't you write to him and explain?" I asked.

"I could only do it by sending the letter to New York. It would take months, and he might be changed by then. Perhaps it would never reach him. I think I'd rather he stayed lost than never know whether he'd had my explanation and just laughed and torn it up."

Argument could demolish this reasoning, but could not alter her decision. She was a very feminine young person.

"It's rather a coincidence," I remarked, "but I'm only on a visit, and I leave for the East to-morrow."

"What part?" she asked, all agog at once.

"To Japan via ports, and then wandering round."

"He was going to Japan," she said. "Oh, I wonder where he is now? Perhaps you'll meet him."

I had to disillusion her. Such things only happened in fairy tales. The millions of the East were proverbial. A needle in a haystack would be easier to find than Mr. Smith in Asia.

BUT to her there was only one person in Asia of any interest, and it seemed quite natural that I should meet him.

It was idle for me to point out the thousands of miles separating the scores of great cities—the countless ships and hotels—the probability that we would never be even in the same country.

"I believe in fairy tales," she averred. "You two will meet, and when you do tell him what I've told you to-day. Why should we both be dumped by that particular wave if it wasn't for a reason?"

"Probably because we're both inexperienced surfers," I suggested; but such masculine foolishness did not appeal to her at all.

Next day a Japanese steamer carried me down the lovely harbour and out to the open sea. We passed the beach where the Pacific had introduced us. In my pocket was a telegram.

"Don't forget!" it urged.

I had no intention of doing so, but felt it would come to the same thing if I did. As a spinner of tales I knew what could happen and what could not.

We reached Manila. I still remembered. In an idle few minutes before lunch I asked the hotel clerk if Mr. Smith had stayed there. He had, three months before, and he had left for Borneo.

The clue served to quicken my interest. I took up the hunt as a hobby. Americans are easy people to meet—they chat readily—they are essentially sociable. And they do know each other.

If a man from New Orleans meets a man from Frisco, they have discovered before the first cocktail has been consumed that they both regard someone living in Chicago as a "prince of a fellow."

THIS has always been a great mystery to me. We, living in a small island, can only talk about the weather; Americans coming from a vast country discuss mutual acquaintances.

But nobody knew Mr. Smith. I began to fear that his head might have been taken in Borneo and used for decorative purposes.

We had sailed from Hong-Kong before he bobbed up again. An American naval man joined us there.

"Smith?" he said. "You want to meet that old scout? Why he was right there on the dock in Hong-Kong saying Good-bye to me. If you'd been in Japan a fortnight before you'd have met him there."

In all probability I had seen the needle in the haystack even though I had not been aware of the fact.

"I'm meeting him again in Singapore in February," the American added.

"I shall be there about that time I imagine."

"Then look us up at the 'Europe.' And so it was arranged.

The only person I knew in Shanghai had played bridge with Mr. Smith a fortnight before on his way down to Hong-Kong. The Orient seemed to bristle with clues pointing to that comparatively humble traveller.

Minor adventures by the way delayed me, and though the rendezvous had by now become quite an obsession, I did not reach Singapore until the end of March.

"Ver-ee sorry, sar," said the Eurasian clerk at the "Europe," "but both gentlemen have gone down to Java at least a month ago."

I LOST heart. As a courier of Cupid I could do no more. My path led north of Burma. I wrote to Sydney, reported how near I had been and how far I was, and repeated my advice regarding a letter to New York.

The boat to Rangoon calls at Penang en route. I had the cabin to myself as far as Penang—they had told me so at the shipping office—but when I went aboard at midnight the small frame on the cabin door already held the type-written slip giving my name and the name of the passenger who was to join at the next port.

I glanced at it.

"Mr. Collins—Mr. Smith."

There it was—the impossible chance had happened. Not merely on the same boat, but actually in the same cabin!

A mathematician might work out the odds against such a thing happening, but he would need to be patient, consider many factors, such as the passenger routes, the number of ships, the number of cabins in each ship, and other details, and he would have to be prepared to have a long string of cyphers in his answer.

THERE is little more to tell. On returning to the ship after a day ashore at Penang, I found Mr. Smith in the smoking-room—a pleasant young man admirably suited to the pleasant young lass of the Sydney beach.

He wasn't too handsome, and if his mouth was a trifle too sensitive, it merely helped to explain why he had rushed off so hot-headedly instead of straightening out the muddle.

I introduced myself as his cabin companion and we had a drink.

A ship's smoking-room is a good place for a yarn, and we were soon hard at it. Presently a peg offered on which to hang the story I wished to tell.

"Queer misunderstandings can happen through similarity of names," I said. "Perhaps we should each have a distinguishing number, like motor-



A Villa and a Vision,

a ghastly experience of real life, is recounted next week by

THOMAS BURKE

cars. There are far too many Smiths and Collinses in the world for safety. For instance—

I told him what had happened in his own case. A thing seen from outside is never the same, and he did not recognise the details, but he agreed that such a mix-up was possible and might have unhappy consequences.

"I'm sure Miss Brown would agree with you," I said.

He was an American and a business man—he pretended, like the rest of us, that he did not believe in fairy tales—but for the minute he did believe in wizards and witchcraft.

We talked late, and he could not wait for Rangoon to get off his message, but sent it away by wireless.

I could have drunk the bar dry at his expense had I been of that mind, for if ever a man was grateful to the bearer of good news it was he. So was the girl in Sydney. I gather they both have every cause to be.

A silly, romantic tale, and quite impossible. That is why it has been embalmed in my notebook until now.

Even if it had chanced to fit into the plot of a novel, I couldn't have used it. The reviewers—quite rightly—would be down on me with: "Mr. Collins stretches the long arm of coincidence. He must know that such things do not happen in real life. . . ."

Perhaps it is the truest things which look most unreal in fiction.

WERE YOU THERE—ON ELECTION NIGHT



The Marble Arch floated in a living sea on Election Night. A host of Londoners gathered there—and "John Bull" told them how the fight was going. As each result was received it was flashed on to a screen outside the Regal Cinema. As soon as the final return of the number of votes cast in the election is published in "The Times," we will announce the winner of the £500 prize in "John Bull's" great Election Forecast Competition.



IF YOU SMOKE
AT YOUR WORK

SMOKE
KENSITAS

TEN FOR SIXPENCE
TWENTY FOR A SHILLING
'FLAT FIFTY' HALF-A-CROWN

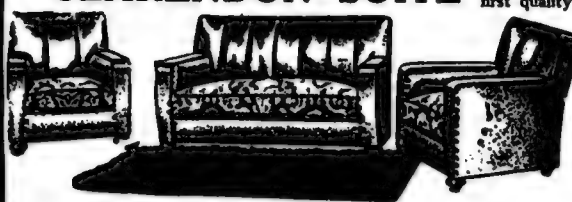


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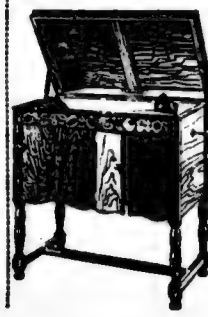


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A scene from "Keepers of Youth," Mr. Ridley's play, which has stirred London against these wicked schools

by ARNOLD RIDLEY



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Child
Victims
of

Schools we want to Close

IN my new play, "Keepers of Youth," I tilt a lance at a certain type of private school, depicting the masters as being utterly unfitted for their responsible tasks of training young minds.

This fact has moved some critics to accuse me of exaggeration and of being unjustifiably cruel to schoolmasters in general.

To this I can only say that I have really exercised considerable restraint, and that I could not possibly tell the truth, as I know it, in a play.

But the school I call "Brentley" was not born in my imagination, and my characters are all drawn from life, though they are, of necessity, telescopic or composite studies.

The truth is that there are numerous so-called "educational institutions" scattered about England where any of the incidents depicted in my play might occur.

I am not saying that all private schools are bad, of course, but there are so many institutions labelled by this name that the Board of Education cannot possibly keep track of them. In fact, the Board is quite helpless when it comes to maintaining an adequate supervision over these places.

No inspection

As the law now stands, private schools can be officially inspected only at their own request.

There is no legal compulsion whatever; and it is only in cases of indelible neglect of pupils that private schools fall within the reach of authority.

This naturally encourages unscrupulous men and women to found establishments that can be run for sheer personal profit without thought for the welfare of pupils entrusted to their care.

In this connection, it is interesting that one critic objected that the headmaster's study in "Keepers of Youth" was too well furnished for a third-rate private school.

That, however, is merely a confession of ignorance. The critic should have remembered that a bogus school, run as a sheer commercial proposition, must resort to window-dressing in order to attract custom.

A well-furnished study, therefore, where parents can be interviewed and favourably impressed, is almost a commercial necessity.

As an instance of the extent to which profit-grasping can be developed, I might mention one individual who is

at present controlling two private schools, but, though he figures as "headmaster," he never undertakes teaching duties—probably for the very good reason that he is not capable.

He occupies most of his time flitting between his two establishments in a motor-car, and, incidentally, in making more and more money for himself by introducing as many "extras" as possible.

Shylock masters

He trades in everything. Not content with the sale of school caps and colours, he does a brisk business in sports gear, and an interesting sidelight is thrown upon his character by the fact that he has forbidden pupils to write to stamp merchants for "approval sheets."

But he has no objection to the lads collecting stamps—in fact, he rather encourages it, because on Saturday afternoons he does a roaring trade selling stamps to them himself, having cornered the market by virtue of his authority.

While their headmaster is busily devising means of making more money out of them, the pupils are left to gain what scraps of education they can.

He is careful, though, to keep "model books" into which corrected lessons are copied. The headmaster then invites examination of these books and advertises his establishments as "State inspected."

There are a few establishments where a certain type of parent or guardian is deliberately sought after, and pupils are advertised for at weekly fees that are lowered to meet individual pockets.

Yet, according to the descriptions which they like to apply to themselves, they are "home schools for girls and little boys," where "full care" is undertaken.

It needs no mathematical genius to calculate how much care can be offered for irregular fees, and, of course, the little children whose miserable lot it

is to be sent to such establishments are usually of the "unwanted" class.

Even though they may not be treated with actual unkindness, they cannot possibly be given a useful education.

When such schools take day pupils as well, a ridiculous legal anomaly becomes apparent.

The day pupils can be examined by an inspector of the local education authorities, but the boarders are the complete charge of the principal, who may make or mar them without being accountable to anyone.

Another establishment, which flaunts the name of "college," is actually a miserable, tumbledown, little building, standing by a desolate shore.

Here the evil-smelling, draughty class-rooms, with their crevices thick with ancient dust, are only matched by the appalling quality of the food supplied to the unhappy boarders.

Breakfast is never anything more than inferior bread and jam; the mid-day meal is composed of scraggy meat, devoid of all nourishment; bread and margarine constitutes the tea, and supper is the same, with the exception that very thin cocoa is substituted as the beverage.

The headmaster who presides over this establishment has confessed to making £1,200 a year profit. As his fees work out at only £40 a year per pupil, it is not difficult to see who suffers.

Cheap derelicts

He further "economises" by employing derelict masters, whose profession is not school teaching at all, but who have failed in most walks of life.

Here, I would point out another very grave fact—namely, that it is perfectly legal for anyone to teach a child. No degrees or even certificates of fair education are necessary. Surely this alone calls for immediate reform.

The whole problem of dubious private schools should be carefully considered by our educational authorities, and legislation should most certainly be introduced to cope with the abuses I have dealt with in this article.

Unsatisfactory establishments must be crushed out of existence. It is amazing that they should be above that law which will not permit a packet of cigarettes to fall into a man's pocket after the curfew hour.

Don't Miss Page 36!

If you want to win £500 for a Crossword, turn to page 36 and try your skill. An equal opportunity for every reader.



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Robin Starch, Mum. Credit where credit is due, I say! And what with Robin being so easy to mix—and your iron not sticking—well, you don't know you're born, if you've Robin 'elping you along. And the finish it gives, Mum! Just look at this tablecloth. Proper gleam on it, isn't there? That's Robin right enough."

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AND

ROBIN
Starch



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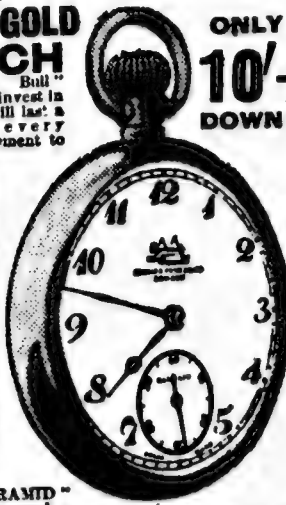
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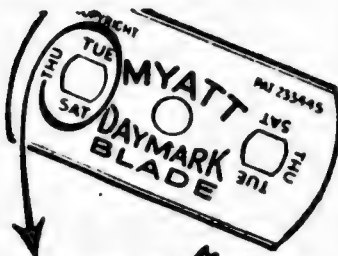
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NOBODY TELLS THE POLICE

When CROOK crosses CROOK

QUITE recently a lady was defrauded of £200 by two "diamond" merchants, one of whom said he was a "Russian," who had some of the stolen Crown jewels in his possession, by means of an old but ingenious trick known in the crook profession as the "tweedle."

She was shown by the "merchants" some really valuable diamonds, for which they asked a remarkably low price. They invited her to take the stones to a jeweller, and he pronounced them to be valuable stones.

The lady eventually gave them £200 for the stones, which was a perfectly fair price.

Soon afterwards she discovered they were jargoons, worth perhaps £12, for which the diamonds had been substituted by a clever sleight-of-hand trick.

Jargoons, it may be mentioned, are semi-precious stones that are found in great quantities in Ceylon, and superficially resemble diamonds, especially after they have been warmed.

The "tweedle," as he is called, has two gold or platinum facsimile rings made, one set with a diamond worth, say, £120, the other set with a jargon worth perhaps £5, but of equal size to the genuine stone and impossible to distinguish except by expert examination.

Other members of the crook fraternity specialise in robbing well-known "fences" or receivers of stolen property.

One of the principal methods by which these frauds are perpetrated is known in the crook fraternity as "The Silver Tale."

It is called "The Silver Tale" for the following rather curious reason: A few decades ago, there was a great robbery of silver ingots valued at £12,000.

At that time the principal "fence" or receiver of stolen property in London was an old man named Johnnie Carr.

Carr's professional pride was hurt by the fact that the thieves who had stolen the silver ingots had not brought their spoils to him to purchase.

One day a crook told him that he knew the men who had "worked" the silver ingot job.

"It was their first big touch," he explained; "they were new to the game, and, not knowing how to dispose of their plunder, had hidden the ingots and had left London and gone to live in Manchester until the affair had blown over."

"Tell them to come to me," said Carr; "arrange a meeting-place and I'll buy the stuff at once and leave a corner for you!"

"Yes, but they're in Manchester, gov'nor," said the crook, "and broke to the world. Suppose I go and fetch them. They'll want to be rigged out and have a few pounds to give 'em confidence."

Johnnie Carr counted out fifty golden sovereigns for the crook's expenses to Manchester and anxiously awaited his return.

Two days afterwards the papers announced: "Silver Ingot Robbery!"

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Gem merchants inspect a stone in Hatton Garden. You can't catch wise birds like these with any jargoons.



Sensational Arrest. West End Silver-smith's Manager Charged with Receiving! Some of the Stolen Property Recovered!

The news of how "old Johnnie Carr" had been tricked was bruited about by the members of the crook fraternity, with the result that some long-headed gentlemen saw infinite possibilities of living at ease without fear of prosecution.

How it's done

The fraud is extensively practised to-day.

The crook gains the confidence of someone who wishes to get rich quickly by buying bargains, without enquiring as to how the vendors became possessed of them.

The usual procedure is for one crook to sell to, say, a publican some small articles of jewellery which, he declares, are the proceeds of some robbery, although usually they are honestly purchased and sold below cost to enable him to get hold of the buyer.

Eventually he calls one day accompanied by a strange, well-dressed man, and asks for a private interview.

"I told you," he says, "that before long I would put you in the way to make thousands. Well, the time is ripe, thanks to my friend here. Before we're forty-eight hours' older we shall have £10,000 to cut up in a three-handed deal."

"My friend," he continues, "is old Pikeley's confidential clerk. You've heard of Pikeley, of course, the great Mayfair money-lender?"

The bait

"My friend Thomas opens all Pikeley's letters. This morning a letter came which he has not shown the old governor. It means thousands to us, old man. I shall read it to you:

"Dronmore Castle, County Fermanagh, Ireland. Lord Dronmore presents his compliments to Mr. Pikeley, whose name has been given to him by the Marquis of Fermanagh, who has recommended Mr. Pikeley as a gentleman likely to arrange a loan.

"Lord Dronmore is desirous of borrowing £15,000 for three months at reasonable interest. In addition to his note of hand, Lord Dronmore is prepared to deposit the following articles of jewellery, which are Lady Dronmore's heirlooms, which were valued in 1912 at £35,000, as security.

"Should Mr. Pikeley consider the proposition, he should proceed at once to Dronmore Castle, Fermanagh, accompanied with a competent valuer and arrange to loan forthwith.

"On receipt of a wire, Mr. Pikeley

will be met at the station by Lord Dronmore's car. In any case, should no business be done, Lord Dronmore will pay the expenses Mr. Pikeley may be put to for the journey."

"Now," the crook will say, "the coast is clear. My pal has knocked off a cheque from the end of old Pikeley's cheque-book.

"If you agree to the proposition, one-third each after all the expenses are deducted.

"I shall go to Lord Dronmore's Castle as the valuer, my friend is Pikeley's manager with power to make the advance.

"He will have the stolen cheque signed by Pikeley on him, the signature, of course, being a forgery.

Haggle over it

"I shall wire his lordship the train by which we are coming, and when we arrive at the castle, haggle about the rate of interest and security in the approved style.

"Finally, we will fill up the cheque for the amount agreed upon, get him to sign a promissory note, take possession of the jewels, and scoot back to you in London with £30,000 worth of diamonds to cut up between us."

"Yes, but where do I come in? What am I to do?"

"Your graft is to put up £250. We shall want £50 for clothes and expenses and £200 to leave with my pal's wife to enable her to leave her home and get to Scotland. It will be three, perhaps four, days before the cheque we intend to pay to his lordship will be dishonoured.

"There will then be a hue and cry for my pal, and he will naturally be associated with the missing cheque. There is no danger, only we must act at once.

"Think of the money you will make. Ten thousand of the best."

The dupe looked up the "A.B.C." and said: "The train for Ireland leaves Euston at 8 p.m. It's now 2 p.m. Here's an open cheque for £250. Go and cash it and catch to-night's mail! I'll see you off."

The dupe

The cheque was promptly cashed. The two crooks met the dupe at Euston in the refreshment-room, and after partaking of drinks, hinted that it was unwise for him to come on to the platform with them as there might be detectives about.

Of course, the crooks never entered the train, their journey, like their "tale," being entirely fictitious.



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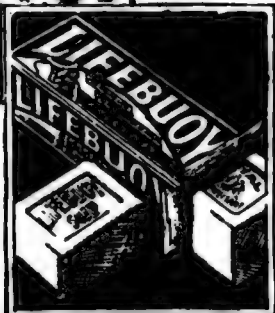
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For you see, it is this way. Once a boy gets the Lifebuoy habit, he begins to develop a wholesome respect for personal cleanliness. And that's a very useful step in the right direction. He is well on the way to becoming a real man.

Teach **your** children, now, to have always a Lifebuoy wash, when they come home from school, when they come in from play. Within a month they will be doing it of their own accord, and enjoying it. Very soon, you will notice that they become more particular about other things. That's the Lifebuoy habit!

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WRAPPED IN A JIFFY!



"There is a door on which the wanderer may knock"—
Waiting to enter St. Martin's
Sanctuary

Guests in the HOUSE of GOD

TWO in the morning! It is raining hard, with a night wind that whips the desolate street, and the homeless wanderer finds it a cruel night to be abroad without the hope of shelter.

At the top of the wide steps fronting the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C., just to the left there is a door on which the wanderer may knock from midnight to the dawning.

Man or woman, old or young, law-abiding or suspect, no one is ever denied.

Inside a soft, warm light gleams from the top of the stone steps leading to the crypt, with its wide, vaulted roof and firm stone floor.

A hundred times a night the knock on the door is answered and the flight of steps traversed.

A kindly, Irish voice answers the applicant:

"You've nowhere to sleep? Come in."

FROM all parts of the world these homeless ones come, men for the most part, with a sprinkling of women. The crypt is warm. Each sleeper has a cushion for the head, and stretched at full length along a pew, finds rest and comfort.

The crypt is under the charge of the Women's Auxiliary Police Force. The present officer has been on duty night after night for five years. There is little she does not know about the destitute.

There is a feeling of security within these walls. For here is sanctuary.

The police may not arrest; the majesty of the law stops short at the little door.

The sheltering arms of Mother Church enfolds her children. No harm from the outside can disturb them till the morning.

Men have taken refuge here hot-foot from crime, carrying revolvers, but no one has ever offered violence.

"They're all as quiet as lambs," said the officer, "and terribly grateful."

There are not many tramps in the crypt. The down-and-outs for the most part belong to the educated unemployed.

An ex-Army officer turned up regularly for some time. A major with a distinguished war record, he had left the Army badly shell-shocked with a pension of £2 a week, which he handed over to his mother.

She is a widow who lost every penny in the war. She took the pension, not knowing her son's plight. He could not keep a situation; recur-

rent attacks of nerves made office life impossible.

He was always clean and tidy and never made a complaint, though often he went without food and his boots were pitiable.

The officer found him a job eventually in the country. He still comes to the crypt, not for shelter, but just to give help to the men, as he was helped.

An Indian law student used to arrive at regular intervals. He was obviously steady and industrious, and the officer was puzzled as to why he was without a bed. His people sent him £20 a month, which was not sufficient to live on and buy books.

He would get behind with his rent, and the landlady would put him into the street until he got his remittance, when she took him back again.

The student accepted his fate with the resignation of the Oriental, but the officer intervened, and he was found a comfortable home at a much cheaper rate.

St. Martin's is sanctuary for souls as well as bodies. Boys who have left their families in desperate unhappiness are reconciled to their people. Sailors who have been robbed of their money are befriended.

ST. MARTIN'S is known and blessed all over the world, and the crypt is famous far and wide.

A pathetic frequenter is a man of good education and assured income. He suffers from periodical drinking fits and turns to St. Martin's for safety.

He always arrives well-dressed in an evening suit, with top hat and coat complete, with a sweet smile and a swaying gait.

He is taken straight to the boiler-room, where he falls gracefully to the floor, and with his head on the flue-brush sleeps until morning.

The second night his coat and hat are missing, and by the end of the fifth evening his good clothes have disappeared and he is wearing dungarees and plimsolls.

He came to the crypt after a trying experience. He was reposing in Trafalgar Square when a policeman woke him up.

"You can't sleep here, you know," he said, indignantly. "Can't I," was the answer; "what's good enough for Nelson is good enough for me, my boy!"

But the constable didn't see the humour of the situation and the sleeper was arrested and given seven days.

Since then his erring feet have led him to nightly safety in the crypt.

After each bout he pays a visit, clothed and in his right mind, bearing flowers and chocolates, food and clothes, as offerings of gratitude.

Every man on leaving in the morning is given a ticket for breakfast or lunch. The women and girls are sent on to a hostel.

ALL sorts and conditions of men have been saved from wreck. Some are so miserable it makes your heart ache. And yet they are very patient.

A man of sixty, utterly weary, with the eyes of a lost soul, sat and watched the officer all through the night.

He looked so faint that she went to get him a cup of tea, but was recalled by a piercing scream. He had cut his throat and was lying on the ground.

There was no panic; a word to the frightened and half-dazed crowd, just awakened, restored order.

The man was given first aid, removed to the hospital, and eventually taken to the Salvation Army hostel, which cares for would-be suicides.

He has come back to life and is ready for the work that has been found for him.

"Harry" is a well-known character. An Irish ex-Guardsman, he salutes everything and everybody, from a constable to a mail-van, that bears the Royal Arms.

"Once a gentleman, always a gentleman," he says, and even in his cups he can always be persuaded to go quietly away.

IF you could see the faces of the sleepers, fine-drawn with pain, hollow with hunger, anguish and hope deferred, but all of them resting in the knowledge that for a little space at least their troubles are at an end!

They sleep in quiet and peace, and in the morning a kind word and food await them.

And all the night the lamp shines silver-bright down the stone stairs, and the door is softly opened to admit another and another wanderer.

Sanctuary! Is there in all the world a more blessed place than this?

2 CIGARETTES FREE WITH EVERY 6D PACKET



* **Save £5**
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See Below



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cash prizes
for the 20
best answers

By putting 12 full-sized, full-quality cigarettes instead of 10 into a 6d. packet, Godfrey Phillips Ltd., the manufacturers of 'Plus Two', are presenting the smoker with *two* free cigarettes.

To a man who smokes twenty packets a week this means that in a year he receives over 2,000 free cigarettes — value £5.

WHAT COULD YOU DO WITH £5?

State in not more than 24 words how you would spend the £5 a year you can save by smoking 'Plus Two.' Twenty prizes of £5 each will be given for the best answers. All entries must be accompanied by the complete outer cover of a 'Plus Two' packet, and should be addressed to Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Competition H Dept., 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2. Results will be announced in this paper.



HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL! Great New Discovery.



Mr. W. G. ASH.

**"Would Never Have Been
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It gives me great pleasure to write and tell you of the wonderful recovery of my leg, which was ulcerated, inflamed, and swollen. It is quite healthy now after taking your Elasto. I am glad I saw your advertisement, as I am sure my leg would never have been well if I had not had your remedy; moreover, I feel better in every way for the treatment.

You may use my letter if you wish, so that others may benefit by your wonderful Elasto.—Wishing you every success.

(Signed) W. G. ASH.
10, New Buildings, Buckfast, Devon.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment without rest and at small cost.

Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.*

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries, sciatica, lumbago, and glands, blood pressure, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

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Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials.

Write for these to-day—NOW! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay. **THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 18.H.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

Elasto Cures through the Blood!



HIS VOW

v. The Blind Gods of Chance

Which will Win?

I LEFT England at the age of eighteen to work with my father, a cattle-rancher on the Mexican border. I was an only child, mother having died at my birth.

Naturally, I was overjoyed when dad, who, left alone, had gone abroad to seek his fortune, sent for me to join him.

I loved the life, but hardly had I settled down to it than dad received fatal wounds in a saloon fight.

Thus early in life I found myself alone and untrammelled in a wild country. The taste of freedom intoxicated me. I sold the ranch and on the proceeds took to frequenting saloons.

Soon, the gambling fever caught me, yet instead of losing, I had the Midas touch. The cards I held always turned to gold. I exulted in my "luck."

Eventually I ran a gambling saloon for a living. The rights and wrongs of it never troubled me in those days, though sometimes I won in an hour or two a whole month's pay from a family man.

THE war brought a check. I joined up and served four years of hard fighting.

Before the end I met, among the W.A.A.C.s, the only girl I ever loved. Wishing to start clean, I told her all my past. I had, thank God, kept myself clean, and my sweetheart forgave the rest.

She married me only after receiving my word of honour that never, in any circumstances whatever, would I gamble again. I feared that this promise would be hard to keep, but our happiness has been so great that for many years I even forgot temptation existed.

Trade depression has now changed this feeling of security.

I lost my job when my firm closed down and our savings have dwindled to nil.

Our two children tug at my heart when I see them needing things I cannot buy, and my dear wife's face is becoming drawn and pinched with anxiety and want.

I cannot get work, and destitution stares us in the face—unless I succumb.

My wife won't hear of it, but I know, from past experience, that I can make money if I once again began to play cards.

Shall I resume the gambling solely for my kiddies' sakes?

"HUMANIST" says: No. Honour the promise made to your wife.

Times will mend, and you'll help your kiddies best by living a straight life, keeping on the look-out for an honest job and setting them an example they can honourably follow.

A "TRIAL MARRIAGE" that must fail

A FEW years ago I formed an intimate friendship with a man much older than myself. He is a widower with one daughter, a girl of my own age.

He had observed that I rather admired this girl, his only child, and he fell into the habit of talking to me about her future.

He was so anxious, he declared, to see her happily settled in life that he would willingly give any man of whom he approved, and to whom she took a hundred pounds or more in order comfortably to start married life.

There was no mistaking his meaning. He was offering his daughter to me and with a very comfortable dowry.

I had almost closed with my friend's offer when he blurted out terrible facts.

His daughter had been badly let down by an unscrupulous cad whom

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

she had courted for several years. She bore him two children, but he did not offer her marriage, although he was a bachelor.

As all this happened before she met me I could still have overlooked it but for one fact. I learned that occasionally my sweetheart still saw this man and was still friendly with him.

He had money; I had but what I could earn. How should I stand if I fell out of work and this fellow came around my wife with his blandishments?

No, I could not risk it. I told my prospective father-in-law I was very sorry and returned his cheque.

YEARS have passed, and I find myself longing for this girl as my wife. I know she still hopes I shall ask her.

If only the other fellow were married or out of the way!

As it is, I am seriously thinking of asking this girl to live with me for a time, say a period of six months, to test her constancy.

If she remained faithful for so long I might come to believe in her sincerity and marry her.

It's about the only thing I can think of to conquer my fear of infidelity while leaving myself a loophole of escape should the other chap butt in. What do you think of the plan?

"HUMANIST" says: That you don't love the girl as any man should love his future wife or you would never propose such a dastardly thing.

Because one man has betrayed the

poor girl is that any reason why you should insult her?

Leave marriage alone until you can think of it in cleaner terms and be prepared to defend your wife's honour as you would your life.

KNIFE-THROWING husband's callousness

ONCE I had a happy home, as comfortable as any working man could wish. There was not a lot of money, but always enough.

This meant at least peace of mind. I had to bring up a family of three boys and five girls.

Then came the war. The boys joined up and their mother went to help in a canteen. This last was our undoing, for she took to drink.

The climax came when she arrived home one night the worse for liquor. An awful row started, and from words we got to blows.

She threw a plate at my head, and I retaliated by throwing a knife at her arm. The plate missed its mark; the knife didn't! She was wounded in the arm. I was arrested and went to jail for six months.

I came out to find my home broken up, the girls away, and my wife living in rooms with our youngest boy of fourteen.

It was reported that the affray had sobered her and she had reformed. True or not, I felt I could never forgive her for what I had been made to suffer, and never wished to see or hear of her again.

I soon found work and took lodgings in the home of a widow who lived alone with her one daughter.

My youngest boy, grown to young manhood, has fallen in love with my landlady's daughter and is going to be married. I love the mother, yet it is impossible for me to marry because my legal wife lives. Can I claim a divorce?

"HUMANIST" says: No, you cannot, though I strongly suspect your wife could if she cared to take action.

I am sorry for her; for if, instead of creating a "row" and throwing knives, you had shown sympathetic understanding of her motherly anxiety over two sons in the war she might never have given way to drink. Is it too late to atone?

Homely Wisdom

The BIG BLANK

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.



Mr. H. G. Wells

IN one of his Utopias H. G. Wells speaks of the terrible waste of life and energy caused by hopeless grief.

He pictures mothers weeping by the graves of their children, age mourning murdered youth, and the survivor of two who have loved each other through a long lifetime waiting disconsolate for Death to come and complete his work.

He is not blaming the bereaved when describing this kind of sorrow as waste; he merely suggests that life could be so improved and beautified that no one would die prematurely and that old age could view the approaching end with tranquillity and peace.

I agree with him about the waste, but not about the cure.

I do not find that as people grow old they are any more willing to die than when younger, or that the pain of parting with a beloved one is any easier because the association extends over many years instead of only a few.

My experience as a Christian minister confirms this. Of late I have been seeing a good deal of the hopeless grief

to which Mr. Wells alludes, and there is nothing I more greatly long to heal.

Time can draw the sting of most troubles, and it is true that many people can succeed in forgetting their dead, or at least ceasing to weep for them; but this is not always so, nor should we be willing to think it could be.

I know parents to-day who will never get over the loss of their sons in the Great War; the calamity is as fresh as ever in their minds, and will never seem to them any less while life lasts.

I know good people who say that their beloved ones have been taken from them; and, worst of all, I know some who can cherish no hope of reunion in heaven with those they have lost and whom they will never cease to mourn.

TO all included in the above description I would commend the fine saying of Mrs. Charles Kingsley as she dried her tears after her noble husband died: "Hearts were made to love with, not to break."

Go on loving; love hard; don't be afraid of being hurt by your love.

For the more you love the nearer you will draw to God and learn that

"Life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own."

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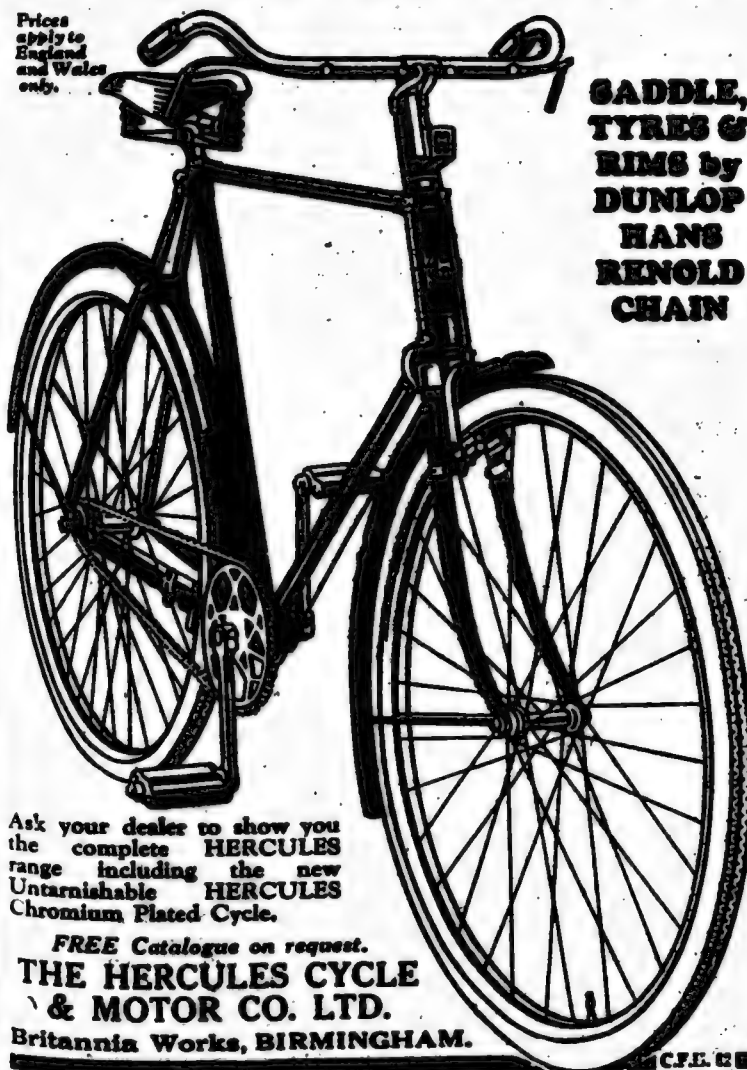
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IMPETIGO



"After several ointments failed"

Ointment after ointment, and months of expensive treatments, had failed. For 18 months her child had suffered terribly, and Mrs. Williams was in despair . . . Then she tries Germolene! The FIRST TIN soothes, starts to eject all the poison and heal the tender skin, and after 5 tins the impetigo is—GONE!

Read her wonderful story:

"For 18 months my daughter Winifred (aged 6) suffered terribly from impetigo. It spread all over her body, till her skin was a mass of sores and her hair came off. Special treatments and several well-advertised ointments had all failed to cure her and I was in despair; then I saw Germolene advertised. The first tin brought a great improvement; and now after 5 tins she is completely cured and back at school."—Mrs. H. Williams, 45, Gordon Road, Hornsey, N.8.

Germolene is really wonderful for all skin troubles. It is aseptic—germproof—non-smarting; it leaves no scars. Always keep a tin handy for accidents.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP

Use it instead of ordinary Soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Eczema

Infectious rashes, acne and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Cuts

Safety first—apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

Rashes

and Impetigo—every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

Bad Leg

Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Ulcers

abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolene to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Scalds

Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be averted.



Get your tin TO-DAY!

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart

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Our Letter Parliament

How I LOST LOVE

LOVED by a good, honest man, I did not return his love. I kept him waiting, and hoping that I would change my mind. I had met some one who was the one man in the world for me. I nearly worshipped him, but all to no purpose. My first lover grew tired of waiting and found some one else. The other man married. Vain regrets were useless. Grasp the substance, not the shadow, girls.—*Seventy, Mon.*

Maid of the Isles

In the year 1910, whilst on holiday on the Island of Arran, I approached a crofter's cottage to buy a glass of milk. My knock was answered by a beautiful girl.

I think it was a case of love at first sight. At least, it was so on my part. I pursued my wooing with such ardour that I had made arrangements to come back the following summer to marry her.

Six weeks after I had left the island she was drowned, crossing to the mainland in a small sail-boat.

I managed to get to the funeral, and I knew we were burying the only woman whom I could ever love.—*R. B. M., Glasgow.*

Drink Did It

An abstainer before the war, I was, on demobilisation, ready to drink anything.

Back pay and bonus provided me with six months' spree, during which my fiancée's patience broke, and her love for me turned to loathing.

When I pulled up it was too late; she had married an old admirer.—*Regretful, N. Wales.*

Ladies Prefer Colonels

Happily married for four years, my wife and I decided in 1916 to have our holidays apart.

I returned home, convinced of the success of our plan, eagerly anticipating meeting my wife.

Imagine my chagrin when, instead of my wife awaiting me with open arms, I found a letter from her telling me that she had met a retired Army colonel with whom she had fallen in love, and that I should never see her again.

So far those words have proved true, which is more than can be said of the one who wrote them.—*Hastuck.*

His Red Lady

She was adorable until she was bitten by Sovietism; it made her see red, talk red and, last but not least, dress red—the latter being primarily responsible for our estrangement.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Go Slow at ASCOT!

OVER £60,000 is awarded in stake-money to the owners who win Ascot's glittering prizes, but, as a rule, very little money finds its way into the punters' pockets.

Odds-on favourites topple off their pedestals with such monotonous regularity that the Royal meeting is regarded as the layers' paradise.

I am not unduly pessimistic this week, but this is just a note of warning to go slow with your Epsom winnings, if any.

Not many JOHN BULL readers will know that we owe Ascot to a good lady who is chiefly renowned for being dead, Queen Anne. Her Majesty commanded the construction of the course, and attended the first meeting.

Ascot has remained Royal ever since. M. M. Wittouck has sent Palais Royal from France in good time to complete his preparation for the Gold Cup, and I think the invader is likely to prove one of the best bets at the meeting.

Taken all round, our thoroughbreds are the best the world can produce, but I have learned from experience that Continental owners do not throw down

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters on this subject must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 11.

What the New Parliament Must Do First—besides tackling unemployment

Few can successfully carry red, and she was one of those who could not. It simply didn't suit her type and I had the temerity to tell her so.

She became furious, accused me of execrable taste, flung the ring at me, and said Good-bye.

So I blame Russia for the love I lost.—*R. G., Hindley.*

She Couldn't Understand

One night I discovered that my lover was fond of a drink.

"I couldn't possibly live with a drunkard," I said.

He pleaded—but I couldn't understand.

He turned for consolation to another girl. They are married now, and I must admit that she has brought out the real manliness in him in a way which I could never have done.

I am still single, but with a better comprehension of the frailties of the opposite sex.—*N. E. P., Lancs.*

The Wrong Tack

As a young man I was very fond of reading sea stories.

Always I envied the sailor and thought what an exciting and romantic life he led.

In the end I joined an East India-man, but, when I had salt beef and pork alternately every day and maggoty bread to eat, and when all hands were often called up on a winter's night to shorten sail, my romantic ideas changed, and my love for "A life on the ocean wave" vanished for ever.—*J. R. W., Glasgow.*

Is It Lost?

Four years ago I met the girl of my dreams. We became engaged and for two years we saved for a home.

Then ill-health and unemployment swallowed up most of the money. Later I got a good job, and we arranged for the wedding.

Just previously I was found to be suffering from tuberculosis and ordered to a sanatorium. I offered to release her from the engagement, but she refused, saying that she loved me in sickness as well as in health.



Lieut.-Col. Gordon
Carter, Ascot's
Master of Ceremonies

Keep an eye on Ox and Ass for the Newbury Cup this week-end. He has been a good friend to code followers.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 6, to Wednesday, June 12, and will then be revised.

Q N L U A 9 O E F J 7 V G X B
R Z I S 3 T M K W D H P Y 5 C
In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be.
9QK13FZG would read TRELAWNY.

"SILVER KING." Treorchy.

But what chance has a consumptive of making a girl happy, so I asked her to release me. Perhaps she will forget me in time.—*Donald Box, Middlesex.*

Rival Earphones

I lost love when the new five-valve radio set came into our home.

Instead of exploring the depth of my affection, my husband explores the ether; coils are preferred to kisses, and batteries to wedded bliss.

However, I know it is only a temporary loss, and, after all, I might have had a much worse rival.—*S. H., Essex.*

After Many Years

After being happily married for nineteen years, my husband became unemployed.

For thirty weeks we hadn't a penny from anyone; the money I had saved went to keep us and our two boys.

Finally I made up my mind to find work for myself and was successful in doing so.

Not being in the home much during the day, my husband sought other company, and to-day he lives with the other woman.—*Mrs. A., Grimsby.*

Hardly a Day

Twelve years ago I lost my mother. I was sixteen at the time, and since then there has hardly been a day during which the memory of her has not been with me.

I have met a number of girls who have been fascinating and quite capable of managing a home and children; but they cannot take her place.

There still remains, enshrined in my heart, the remembrance of my mother.—*Denis Grimes, Liverpool.*

The Great Sickle

We thought we were inseparable, my boy and I. That was sixteen years ago. Then came the war, and he was called up, while I had to stay at home.

Night and day I prayed that he might be restored safely to me, but that was not to be.

In 1916 I was notified that he was missing. For weeks I hoped to receive further news, but I waited in vain. His body was never found.

I had lost earthly love, and must "bide my time" patiently.—*B. B. Cheshire.*

Mother Stepped In

When I took my boy home my mother and brothers liked him, and I was very happy indeed.

Then, one Sunday morning, I heard the banns read out in church and discovered that my sweetheart and my mother were going to be married.—*Broken-hearted.*

Lost on the "Dole"

Through the industrial depression I became unemployed, and although I traversed a wide area, I was unable to secure work.

From this moment I felt a decided change in my sweetheart's affection.

The girl whom I thought would stand by me in my hardest times was now desirous of ending our partnership.

I haven't found work yet and she's married.—*B. T., Co. Durham.*

Letters in Little

I had arranged to meet my girl one night, but was detained at my work, and she gave me up. So I lost love by being faithful to my employer.—*J. R. Ayrshire.*

I have an invalid mother depending on me, so I had to choose between leaving her or give up married happiness. I am at home, happy, caring for my best friend, my mother.—*L. L. London.*

She nursed me back to life, back from the "hell" from which so many returned ruined and crippled. We married and lived happily with our little ones. Now she is dead, the "Rose" I found in "No Man's Land."—*D. J. Treorchy.*



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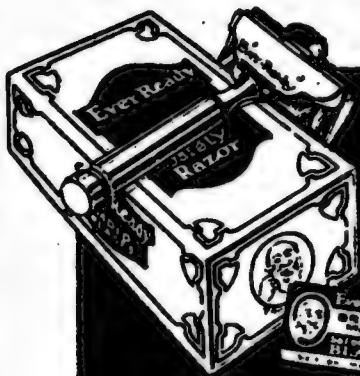
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Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed from Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) JUNE 13th.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 20th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 27th.

Quicker Results! Easier Than Ever! No Claims Required!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 16 which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence TWO attempts.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 13 appears on page 16.

Clues Across

1. To control.
5. A Guardian.
9. To compose.
11. Animals.
12. Concluding part of a book.
14. To relate.
16. Much noise.
17. Quarter of a pint.
18. Refute.
19. Rims of a wheel.
20. To make weary.
23. Consume.
25. Observe secretly.
31. Sullen.
32. Antiseptic lotion.
33. Firearm.
35. Human organ.
37. Lair.
38. Insect.
39. Beverage.
40. Lump in the throat.
41. In holy orders.

Clues Down

2. A poison.
3. Not quite.
4. Main point.
6. Consumed.
7. To furnish.
8. Black wood.
10. Low ground.
13. Climbing plants.
15. To test.
18. To immerse.
21. Optical organ.
22. Child's game.
24. Three.
26. Printing machine.
27. To drink in small quantities.
28. Among.
29. Alone.
30. To feel a thrilling sensation.
34. To dry up.
36. To torment.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

Entry Form "A"

JOHN BULL
CROSSWORD No. 16

Entry Form "B"



16 JB.



16 JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. _____
These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) JUNE 13th.

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.
1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a lid, stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 16), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).
2. As to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, June 13th.
3. Entry MUST be sent by post.
4. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /s/ Co., and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.
5. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.
6. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.
7. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.
8. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.
9. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 27th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 14.



RESULT will be published NEXT WEEK
are being carefully examined by our staff.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 14 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries

which is identical with the published solution or contains a few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, July 2nd, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull."

Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

"EVERYTHING PAWNED"

A Bitter Cry of Despair

MR. ELDRIDGE, a young husband of twenty-three, is spending anxious days in his little, low-ceiling, top-floor room off the Tottenham Court Road, because his wife, who is twenty-one, is on the danger-list in the St. Pancras Hospital.

When they were married, three years ago, their outlook was very different. He was at work, and they were, as he expresses it, "nice and comfortable."

His heart, however, was not strong, and two years ago his work had to be abandoned. Since that time he has managed to get a few odd jobs at long intervals.

There are now two children—little Alice, aged two, who keeps her father indoors looking after her when he feels he should be out seeking work, and a baby of six months, who is being cared for in the St. Pancras nursery.

Mr. Eldridge

His wife had just managed to find a job, but was taken seriously ill with pneumonia after she had worked two days. Her chance of recovery is retarded by her dreadful anxiety lest, as her husband cannot find work, they will lose their little home.

She knows that there is nothing more to pawn to meet the weekly rent of 7s. 6d., as everything, including her wedding-ring, has already been pawned. The knowledge that she is lying in the hospital weak and suffering, and worried to death fills her husband with despair.

Mr. Eldridge bears an excellent character, and what he wants is work. He wondered if our readers, through "The Greatest of These —" Fund, could help him.

Mr. Eldridge bears an excellent character, and what he wants is work. He wondered if our readers, through "The Greatest of These —" Fund, could help him.

"The Greatest of These —"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the 1914-15 War Sufferers' Fund. All the sums should be paid to the Fund, and donors' names addressed to: The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These —" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. L. H. (Bedford), 5s.; Jumping Joshua 2s.; Mrs. Craig, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Thankful (Hull), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Thankful (Rotherfield), 2s.; Sympathiser, 2s.; P. C. (Malvern), 1s.; Anon. (Scotstoun), 1s.; Cup Final Ticket Winner, 6s.; Mrs. E. Simpson, 1s.; Anon. (Blackburn), 5s.; Grannie (Hampden Park), 1s.; S. A. C. 1s.; A Friend (Dovercourt), 2s. 6d.; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; F. P. (Gloucester), 2s. 6d.; A. R. H., 1s.; Miss R. M. Skinner (Tilhurst), 2s. 6d.; The Ninth (Blackburn), 8d.; Oxo (S.W.11), 6d.; J. C. L. L., 1s.; Mrs. Murton (Barnsley), 1s. 6d.; Burton-on-Trent, 1s.; Woodbine Willie Brotherhood, 10s.; E. M. W. (Oxford), 5s.; Anon., 1s.; Old Bick, 1s.; M. C. One Ninth, 2s. 4d.; T. D., 1s.; J. H. Marks (Stoke Newington), 5s.; T. A. (Cardiff), 10s.; Forest Slider (Epping), 4s.; A. R. M., 6d.; Billie, 4d.; Wm. Irons, 6d.; Mr. C. G. Madge (Westbury-on-Trym), 2s. 6d.; Registry of Deeds (Belfast), 10s.; Dick Turpin, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. L. Peet (Bathwick), 2s. 6d.; L. B. 2s. 6d.; Knowle Park (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Mary and Elsie, 15s.; Anon., 1s.; E. B. Bolton, 6d.; Mrs. P. M. Ballantyne, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. W. Watkinson, 1s.; Poppies in Flanders, 10s.; Fred Smith (Liverpool), 6d.; C. Markwick (Eastbourne), 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Mrs. L. Dibben, L. S. (Bulwell), Mrs. M. Chapman (Seaford), Mrs. E. Sauter, Mrs. S. W. Pringle, Mrs. E. Grimshaw, J. H. (Southend), B. Wells, Mrs. B. W. (Ely), J. W. Pringle, One of the Unemployed, C. Love, Mrs. H. Halla, Constant Reader, E. R. "Michael Dann" (Birmingham), "A Friend" (Finkle), J. C. R. (Llanidloes), Mrs. Turner (Hampden-in-Arden), Laura A. Hawthorne, Mrs. Payne (Stroud), A. Sympathiser, Memory (Cumberland), S. H. E. Buxton. (Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

GOING AWAY?

Let "Bullets" Pay!

On Wednesday, July 3, we shall be posting twenty big Holiday Cheques to readers who enter good "Bullets" this week.

These prizes range from £300 down to £10, and any of them may be yours if you turn to page 39 and spend an amusing half-hour on Bullets.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

R. M. (Hove).—"I did want to write so badly." Well, you have done.

B. C. (Rotherhithe).—"Man proposes..." And woman keeps his letters.

G. A. (Bolton).—"Drink often drives men mad." Especially when they can't get it.

Tom H. (Twynford).—"I take my cue from my wife." And she never gives you a rest.

G. N. (Surrey).—"I enclose a photograph of my house and garage." Which is the garage?

P. H. (Tavistock).—"Business is on the up-grade." That probably explains the steep prices.

R. B. (Bermondsey).—"How should a man treat a wife who is too fond of stimulants?" Seldom.

F. K. (Billingshurst).—"I always turn in at ten o'clock." Well, that's better than being turned out.

Visitor (Paddington).—"I am fascinated by London's old chow houses." Have you been to the Tower?

P. N. (Islington).—"I chatted with the dentist for a while about cricket." Then, we suppose, stumps were drawn.

J. T. (Cardiff).—"Fighting is all right providing you do it intelligently." Yes, but you can't always find a smaller man.

G. B. (Strand).—"It's no joke having the roads up." But the traffic is diverted.

C. H. G. (Gosport).—"My wife got me guessing." She ought to have had another guess.

P. L. (London, N.).—"I hope this letter sinks in." Oh, it did! Into the wastepaper basket.

L. E. (York).—"I have discovered how to find a needle in a haystack." Did you sit on the stack?

B. G. (Birmingham).—"There are no 'idle' rich." No, they're all kept busy dodging people who're not.

J. D. (Roxburgh).—"It was a nice-looking horse, but out of condition." You liked its coat, but not its pants.

H. V. (Leigh).—"Is there any objection to treating a guest as one of the family?" Only that he might retaliate.

R. L. (Bayswater).—"Large hats may come back into fashion." Bit by bit women seem to be losing all their manhood!

F. E. (Shoreditch).—"On one hand we have the far-reaching country of Russia. What do we see on the other hand?" Dirt.

C. C. (Loughton).—"There's something wrong about him. He won't look me in the face." There may be something wrong about your face.

P. H. (Bow).—"Is marriage a lottery?" No, there are prizes in lotteries.

R. T. (Wigan).—"I dashed this poem off in an hour." It's certainly dashed off.

D. P. (Hammermith).—"I am a man of standing." We travel by Underground too.

R. Y. (Dartford).—"A woman's aim is generally poor." But the man she aims at rarely is.

R. V. (Marlow).—"Summer dresses have not yet put in an appearance." They won't be long.

P. N. (Dover).—"What is Limburger cheese composed of?" It isn't composed—it's decomposed.

L. F. (Torrington).—"Courting in motor-cars is extremely dangerous." Why only in motor-cars?

K. M. (Hampstead).—"What steps should a pedestrian take to protect his rights?" Mighty long ones.

D. N. (Southampton).—"Americans are better card players than we are." London bridge must be falling down.

P. R. (West Kent).—"I find it very hard to live within my income." You would find it harder to live without your income.

M. B. (Gravesend).—"My wife insists on my being in by eight o'clock every night. What must I do?" Be in by eight o'clock every night.

H. C. (Aylesbury).—"Sliced onions scattered about the floor will absorb the smell of smoke." And break your neck.

R. C. (Penge).—"How can I avoid getting sunburnt?" Stay in England for the summer.

E. R. (Highbury).—"It is unlucky for thirteen to sit down for dinner." Especially if there is only enough for twelve.

G. S. (Barnes).—"The motor-car is ruining our young people." Most of our people seem bent on returning the compliment.

H. M. F. (Mortlake).—"My new lawnmower saves half my gardener's wages." Why not buy two and save the lot?

W. M. (Chelsea).—"I happen to know that the man she is going to marry is a bad egg." That's why she's afraid to drop him.

Mrs. J. (Malvern).—"How do you account for the woman's handkerchief which I found in my husband's pocket?" Carelessness.

F. J. (Highgate).—"I am able to fall into a deep and restful sleep at will." Some of our heavy-weights can do this, but it's generally at the will of their opponents.

E. M. (Richmond).—"In the old days a criminal used to try to find a hole in a wall." Now he tries to find one in the law.

J. H. (W.C.2).—"I saw you going into a public-house." Coming in, you mean.

E. J. (Kensington).—"Some plays in London are colourless." And some are blue.

T. J. (Redruth).—"A decent man doesn't kiss a girl by surprise." He only thinks he does.

R. T. (Cromer).—"They left by air on their honeymoon trip." They'll come to earth eventually.

C. T. (London, S.).—"The cashier disappeared and took £50 with him." For running expenses?

T. M. (Dulwich).—"The talkies are still in their infancy." Yeth, they thill thpeak with a baby lithp.

N. P. (Grimsby).—"What is better than having a friend you can trust?" Having a friend who will trust you.

Miss D. (Clacton).—"Although I am thirty-two I have never been kissed by any living man!" Great Scott, did it kill them?

B. N. (Bradford).—"After six months' agitation I have had my telephone installed." And after another six months' agitation you'll be through.

H. N. (Aylesbury).—"Pedestrians can't be trusted." They are always up to some dodge or other.

T. R. (Romford).—"I don't know what the modern young man is driving at." Fifty miles an hour, as a rule.

Miss T. (Bahor).—"Dresses can now be bought by instalments." We see some of the first instalments in trams and buses.

F. J. (Kennington).—"Raw onions are a cure for mosquito bites." But what is the cure for raw onions?

F. M. (Southsea).—"My tailor always puts fourteen pockets in the suits he makes." Some women have a lot to go through.

A. L. (Bexley Heath).—"I am now working for the Government." We suppose you mean you have a Government job.

G. M. T. (Manchester).—"I can't afford to think of a holiday." Turn to page 39 and think of a "Bullet" instead—a brain-wave may wash you off the rocks.

W. T. (Horsham).—"The old-time girl was usually a clinging vine." The modern girl is mostly a Rambler.

L. T. (Watford).—"I never struck a policeman who could not take a joke." You make sure before you strike him.

P. V. (Eltham).—"The perfect servant should move quietly." Some are so quiet that they do not even disturb the dust.

MOTORIST (Portsmouth).—"Women drivers are learning to demand only half the road." Yes, with only a quarter on each side of them.

R. N. (Harrow).—"As the curtain went up we were disappointed to see that the hall was half empty." Never mind. It was half full.

G. N. (Croydon).—"We had an animals' welfare campaign here." Isn't it time there was an organization to protect husbands from being skinned?

M. D. (Wimbledon).—"Are women really the weaker sex?" Well, did you ever hear of a hairdresser talking one into a shampoo when she only went in for a haircut?

H. T. (Peckham).—"Having lost an action which my solicitor strongly urged me to take, I am thinking of suing him for misleading me." What haven't you been ill-advised enough already?



P. G. (Bolton).—"If a strange dog howls on your step at midnight, is it a sure sign of death?"

H. L. (Liverpool).—"I was educated at Eton and Cambridge." Sue them.

G. T. (Rye).—"What I say goes." We wish you'd come into our kitchen and say "Cook."

S. A. (Huddersfield).—"America thinks she is years ahead of us." Really, she's just five hours behind.

Miss M. (Exeter).—"After all, man is but dust." Judging by what some drink, they must be mud by now.

G. P. C. (Harrow).—"Is it right for my wife to call me a fool?" That depends whether you refer to her manners or her accuracy.

K. C. T. (Chester).—"It is now possible to measure the four-millionth part of an inch, we are told." That ought to solve the parking problem.

T. L. (Morpeth).—"I have a seamless carpet with an area of fifteen hundred square feet; can any of your readers beat this?" We can't imagine anybody wanting to.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



... It should be if the dog stays long enough.

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2s. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

MANCHESTER DAILY DISPATCH:—"Their renewed friendship concluded yesterday in MARRIAGE at the Wesleyan Church."

THE EVENING NEWS (Bombay):—"Twenty-four winners will probably face the starter."

CORNISH EVENING TIDINGS (Advt.):—"To let, a dry commodious STORE, GROWN DIRECT FROM SUTTON'S SEEDS."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"The police are trying to ascertain whether this bruise may have been deliberately inflicted with the object of inducing SENSIBILITY."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"Young girl for SALE, experience—reference."

THE MYSTERY MAGAZINE:—"A man of his own age and height, but heavier and older."

"THE FACE IN THE NIGHT," by Edgar Wallace:—"He kicked off his shoes and his collar."

DAILY MIRROR:—"Put a small TIN of apricots through the sieve."

NORTH BEES HERALD:—"The JUDGES were DISTRIBUTED by the Mayoress."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Renfrew and Clydebank Joint Hospital Board have decided on additional thirty-six GRANDCHILDREN."

DAILY NEWS:—"If STARLINGS do not possess a sense of humour they certainly act as if they did. They seem to take a delight in imitating and mystifying OTHER ANIMALS."



For Real Fruit Drinks

KIA-ORA
LEMON ORANGE

With your meals

—because they are really made from Lemon and Orange juice and cane sugar. Kia-Ora not only agrees with all kinds of food—it actually increases the enjoyment and food values of your meals.

Some prefer Kia-Ora Lemon for its slight sharpness—others the Orange because it is slightly sweeter.

Everyone likes one or the other.

A large bottle makes from 25 to 30 glasses.

Simply mix with water—Cold or Hot.

1/1 and 2/- per bottle at all Grocers, Wine and Spirit Merchants and Chemists.

Kia-Ora Ltd., Blackfriars, London, S.E.1, and Australia.

RISKS OF INDIGESTION.**What Every Dyspeptic Should Know.**

Most people nowadays realise what an important part the digestion plays in relation to our health. When the digestion goes wrong the whole system rapidly becomes disorganised. We fail to get proper nourishment from the food we eat, because we cannot digest it, and food that lies undigested in the stomach quickly ferments and poisons the system. Flatulence, water-brash and other unpleasant symptoms follow.

No permanent relief can be expected until the digestive organs are strengthened, and it has been proved over and over again that the best way to achieve this is to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. In addition to toning up the stomach, these pills impart increased vitality and life to the whole body. This is due to the fact that every ingredient in them is of great medicinal value, and one important element actually creates new blood, without which good digestion is impossible. All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills, 3s. 6d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE.—A booklet, entitled "What to Eat," specially written for victims of indigestion, will be sent free to all who write to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

**DISCARD
FOR EVER
UNSIGHTLY
HIGH BOOTS**



These are things of the past which no sane person should wear to-day. Write us now, giving full details of your case, and learn how our 40 years' experience in the treatment of lameness can benefit YOU.

The O'CONNOR EXTENSION Co., Ltd.
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**DO YOU SUFFER
FROM
HAEMORRHOIDS?
OUR FREE OFFER**

If you are suffering the tortures of Piles, send at once for the Magic Pile Cure, which for a limited period is being offered FREE OF CHARGE. The curative healing action of this remedy on the inflamed and swollen parts is felt with the first soothing application. There is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. We invite you to try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day to Magic Laboratories, M.N.25, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C., and a complete trial outfit will be sent FREE post paid, in plain cover.

Last but not Least!

and placed where it is readily available for emergency use.

The YADIL Bottle

to ward off chills and chance infections. Also a tin of Ointment for cuts and stings and skin-damage.

Prices: Liquid from 2s. Ointment from 1s.

Certified by public analysis as safe and non-poisonous. Send to the address below for a free copy of the "Yadil Book of Home Treatment"

YADIL PRODUCTS (1925) LTD
SICILIAN HOUSE, SICILIAN AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.1

A Bowler's LAST Ball!

Tragic Accident blots
out a happy life



FOR fifty years Mr. Alexander Reid, of 8, Rennie Street, Falkirk, had left home to carry out faithfully his duties as cashier to a local firm of solicitors. Enjoying the best of health and having a large circle of friends, many of whom were drawn from the Eastern District Bowling Club, of which he was Secretary, Mr. Reid looked forward to many more years of a useful and happy life.

Then suddenly out of a clear sky came tragedy. There came a day when he bowled his last ball on the green and made his journey to the office for the last time—a journey which he had made thousands of times in safety.

On leaving home and descending some

**"John Bull"
Pays £100**

steps, he slipped and fell, his injuries proving fatal. "John Bull" has dispatched to his widow a cheque for £100 under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift.

Danger lurks in the most unsuspected places—no one is immune from accident. It is far better to make provision against risk of accident as Mr. Reid has done by registering for our great Free Insurance Gift.

Registration Forms will be found below. Why not sign them now?

HOME ACCIDENTS—£2 PER WEEK.

Owing to lack of space, we give the names of only a few who benefit this week.

- ABERAVON, PORT TALBOT.**—Mrs. M. Davies, 3, Pantids. Fell down stairs—Fractured arm.
- ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.**—Mrs. W. Rees, 14, Hawthorn Grove. Fell down stairs—Fractured arm.
- BRADFORD, YORKS.**—Mrs. M. Sykes, 63, Hastings Street, Marshfields. Slipped off back door step—Fractured leg.
- BRENTWOOD, ESSEX.**—Mrs. N. E. McCarthy, 13, Crescent Road. Fell down at home—Fractured arm.
- BURNHOPE, CO. DURHAM.**—Mrs. Margaret Wilson, 1, Fell Row. Fell down stairs—Fractured elbow.
- CANNING TOWN, E.16.**—Mrs. E. Davis, 47, Hermit Road. Fell over carpet in kitchen—Fractured leg.
- CARDIFF.**—Miss D. Belcher, 102, Corporation Road. Fell from stool at home—Fractured arm.
- CARMARTHEN, SOUTH WALES.**—Mrs. A. Barry, 28, Blue Street. Fell down cellar stairs—Fractured leg.
- FERRYHILL, DURHAM.**—Mrs. E. Williams, 11, Lightfoot Terrace, Dean Bank. Fell off chair while cleaning windows—Fractured arm.
- GALLEYWOOD, NR. CHELMSFORD.**—Mrs. Edith N. Lodge, Well House, Well Lane. Tied on stone and fell in the garden—Fractured arm.
- GLASGOW, C.A.**—Mrs. J. Leishman, 382, Rutherglen Road. Fell off chair in bedroom—Fractured arm.
- HALIFAX, YORKS.**—Mrs. A. A. Murgatroyd, 21, Wilson Road, King Cross. Fell down cellar steps—Fractured wrist.
- HAVERFORDWEST, FEM.**—Mr. G. Edwards, Sydney Lodge, Walwyns Castle. Slipped on doorstep—Fractured arm.
- LITHERLAND, LIVERPOOL.**—Mr. John A. Burrows, 11, Lily Road. Fell in backyard—Fractured arm.
- LIVERPOOL.**—Mrs. E. Murray, 41, Sandy Lane, West Derby. Fell from kitchen chair—Fractured wrist.
- MARGATE, KENT.**—Mrs. L. Fearn, Wakefield House, Clifton Place. Fell down stairs—Fractured arm.
- NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—Mrs. M. Cleghorn, 9, Bolton Terrace, Jesmond. Fell from ladder while papering passage—Fractured leg.
- NOTTINGHAM.**—Mrs. J. Flynn, 38a, Barker Gate. Slipped on house floor—Broken leg.
- NR. SPALDING, Lincs.**—Mrs. D. A. Tucker, Station Road, Sarflett. Fell on garden path—Broken leg.
- ORMSKIRK, LANCs.**—Mrs. C. Doran, 5, Larkins Cottages, Hants Lane. Fell over hearthrug in the kitchen—Fractured leg.
- PECKHAM, S.E.15.**—Mrs. C. Buenvino, 13, Harders Road. Slipped down stairs—Fractured ankle.
- PORTH, RHONDDA.**—Mrs. M. Rees, 8, Leslie Terrace. Fell off chair in the passage—Fractured arm.
- ROATH, CARDIFF.**—Mrs. F. E. Langridge, 131, Broadway. Slipped while fetching coal—Fractured arm.
- ROCHESTER, KENT.**—Mrs. A. E. LeMar, 4, Eastgate Terrace. Fell down stairs—Fractured arm.
- SHEFFIELD.**—Mrs. E. Croft, 14, Fawcett Street. Fell down cellar steps—Fractured arm.
- SOUTH ELMSALL.**—Mrs. A. McMahon, 13, Wesley Street, Moortherpe. Fell from chair in kitchen—Fractured arm.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits' readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & CHILDREN'S BENEFITS

Hand this Coupon to your newagent.

To (Name of Newagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8/6/29.

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

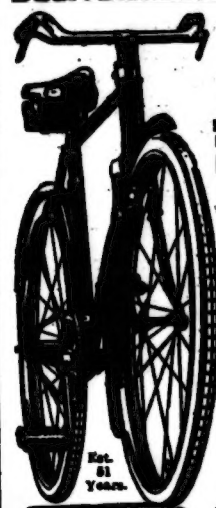
Name and address of Newagent

Date

3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A duplicate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8/6/29.

THE WORLD'S BEST CYCLE

**THE PRODUCT
OF 51 YEARS
EXPERIENCE**
DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR



2'6
DOWN
NOTHING MORE TO
PAY FOR A MONTH
14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
CARRIAGE PAID Direct
from our Factory to you.
GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

**DUNLOP
CORD TYRES
BROOKS
SADDLE
RENOLD
CHAIN**
From (CASH)

3'15'0
Money refunded if
unsatisfied.

1st PRIZE. Write now.
JUNO CYCLE Co.,
Dept. D.2, 245, Bishopsgate,
LONDON, E.C.2

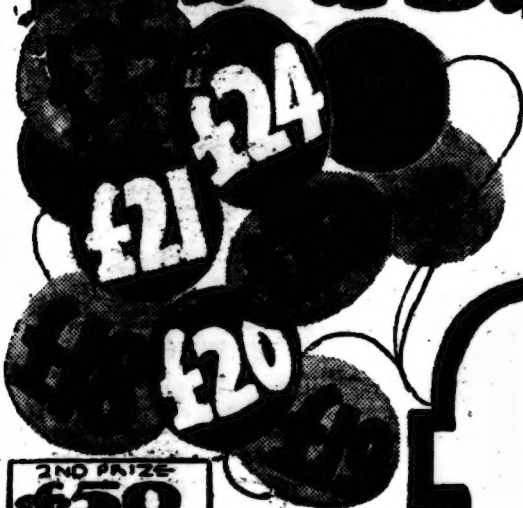
FREE
**TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM
ECZEMA
BAD LEGS
(Varicose Ulcers)
LUPUS & RODENT
ULCER
PSORIASIS**
OR ANY OTHER SKIN DISEASE
Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when **ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT** will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made when other treatments have failed.
SEND 3d. IN STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE AND PACKING stating the complaint from which you think you suffer.
Address: Dept. 17, **TOM WARD, Ltd.,**
Medical Skin Specialists, LAPAGE STREET,
LEEDS ROAD, BRADFORD.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.
EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effect. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."
Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

BE YOUR OWN BREWER
and brew
prime non-intoxicating
beer at home with
**MASON'S
EXTRACT OF HERBS**
A real delicious drink sparkling
and thirst quenching—costing
less than 6d. per gallon. Buy
a 9d. bottle to-day from your
Grocer, Chemist, or Store.
NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd.,
NOTTINGHAM.

Take a 'Bullets'

Holiday



2ND PRIZE
£50

25 PRIZES OF
£1-0-0

50 PRIZES OF
10/-

£300

500 PRIZES
OF **2/6**

3RD PRIZE
£30

8,000 TARGET
PRIZES

20 BIG CHEQUES - THIS WEEK ONLY

THE holiday season is upon us and the yellow sands are calling. Let *Bullets* pay your holiday expenses this year.

In addition to this week's First Prize of £300 there are many other substantial Holiday Cheques to be despatched to winners on Wednesday, July 3rd. Why save up for weeks to pay for a holiday when you can win all the money you need by spending a pleasant half-hour on *Bullets*?

This is all you have to do: Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page. For instance, if you were to choose the *Example IN HARNESS*, the added words AND "IN CART"—HENPECK, would complete a *Bullet*.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 716

FIRST PRIZE OF 500 GUINEAS:

Mr. G. E. LARMAN, "Car-y-don," Dogthorpe Road, Peterborough.

Example:—RESULT OF THE ELECTION

Bullet:—"THUNDERBOILTS" AFTER THE THUNDER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. HUNTER, 19, The Glen, Wombly.

Example:—"I'D LIKE TO SEE

Bullet:—WORKMANLIKE STATESMEN—STATESMAN-LIKE WORKMEN.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. F. W. RICKWOOD, 25, Little Mount Stn, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Example:—"NEW PARLIAMENT

Bullet:—"RECOGNISED—MUST EARN RECOGNITION, (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

E. ACREMAN, 288, Cranwell Road, Peterborough.

HAIL—RAIN—SNOW—UNWELCOME VISITORS WEL-

COMING VISITORS.

F. CHAPMAN, Sign Works, Magdalen Street, Norwich.

BIG RESPONSIBILITY—POLITICIAN'S—BUT MILK-

MAN'S BIGGER.

C. GERMAIN, 182, Well Street, Hockley, Birmingham.

ROUND ONE—ONLY, BRILLIANT SCHOOL CAREER.

W. HENNING, 5, Bow Church Yard, London, E.C.

ALWAYS OUT—OF OFFICE, COUNTRY'S "SAVIORS."

A. HOWARTH, 94, Havelock Street, Preston, Lancs.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR—TRADE—BUT NOT

"BEGGING."

J. JACKSON, 12, Bayne Street, Stirling, N.B.

NEW PARLIAMENT—OVERSHADOWS—ARE SHADOWS

OVER?

Mrs. H. LUMSDEN, Silverbank, Banchory.

WHAT BABY WILL BE—"TYRANT," BUT "THRONE"

SAFE

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. MEDFORD, "Hazeldean," Tredegar Road, Runcy,

Nr. Cardiff.

I'D LIKE TO SEE—"ARMS" DEMONSTRATE THE SFA.

R. MOGER, 301, Wellington Street, Grimsby.

CHATS OF OFFICE—"LITTLE MEN" TRIP UP.

T. SLOANE, 16, William Street, Drogheda.

HORSE WORTH BACKING—BRITAIN, ACCORDING TO

"TRIALS."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

H. CHERRON, 4, Front Road, Thornton Heath.

A DOG-FIGHT—WITH "CAT" INTRODUCED—

ELECTION.

C. F. HALFORD, 10, Sherborne Street, Gloucester.

SOMEBODY BLUNDERED—AND YELLED—"SOME-

BODY'S BLUNDERED!"

W. HOOPER, 46, Mill Road, Gillingham, Kent.

PROMPT PAYMENT—"TREATMENT" MANY DOCTORS

NEED.

F. J. HOWE, 65, Buddle Lane, St. Thomas, Exeter.

A DOG-FIGHT—CIVILIZATION STOPS THAT ANYWAY.

Mrs. M. MAHER, 20, High Street, Brigg, Lincs.

PROMPT PAYMENT—UNEMPLOYMENT CONTRIBU-

TION—NOT BENEFIT.

W. PERKINS, 70, Baywater Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR—SHE SLAMMED ONCE—

RUSSIA.

Mrs. M. TAYLOR, 6, Hampton Road, Doncaster.

SOMEBODY BLUNDERED—TRAP-DOOR OPEN—

ILLUSIONIST "VANISHED."

E. J. THACKERAY, 11, Cairns Road, Sheffield.

NEW PARLIAMENT—"HEIRS"—BUT

"TRUSTEES."

Miss F. WOOLLEY, 26, Beresford Road, Portsmouth.

BIG RESPONSIBILITY—BRINGING World To Children.

H. YATES, 27, Harper Road, Walton, Liverpool.

HORSE WORTH BACKING—FOR SPORT, NOT SUPPORT.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10/- winners will be

published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of

which will be sent to all prize-winners. A

list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen

at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of

"Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competi-

tors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped

addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed

and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings

12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin"

Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2.

(Closing Saturday, June 22nd.)

Advance Details for "Bullets" Competition

No. 720.

First Prize £250—Second £50—Third £25.

20 Holiday Prizes of £5—50 Holiday Fivers—

500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Out In The Country—Smart Set—At

Enormous Expense—Getting Things Done—

Remember, Mr. M.P.—Where To Go—As

Soon As Possible—Moral Victory—Single-

handed—Ugly Scene—Fount Of Wisdom—

Impudence—Losing His Voice—Speaking

Officially—She Changed Her Mind And—

Strangely Silent—Interesting—To Every-

body's Surprise—Putting His Foot In It—

Too Hot—Flying Squad—I'd Like A Holiday.

But—All Except Father—Won't Do To-Day.

—Haven't You Anything Cheaper?—

Shady Spot—Promptly—When Sandy Lost

Sixpence—Star Turn—Waxes—Swept Aside

—At The Top Of The Tree.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 719.

PREMIER'S PROBLEM
TRADE COMPETITION
NOW HE'S IN PARLIAMENT
EVER SINCE
LIKE A HOLIDAY
UPON MY WORD
SOMEBODY
MAKING HIS FORTUNE
IN HARNESS
IF PROMISES WERE KEPT
CHIEFED CAREER

A LANDSLIDE
ADDING INSULT TO INJURY
WHEN EMIGRANT RETURNS
AN HONEST PENNY
TONGUE-TIED
"YOU WORK!"
ESSENCE OF FOLLY
BAD MANAGEMENT
BRIGHTER
HEARD ON THE SANDS
WE GAVE OUR VOTES, BUT

QUITE LIKELY
NOW'S THE TIME
SUN-BATHING
RIDING FOR A FALL
WORRIES
IT'S OUR OWN FAULT IF
OUT OF HER DEPTH
I'M AFRAID
BLACKPOOL, BRIGHTON OR
WHAT WILL IT COST?

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 15.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(719) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 15.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(719) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 15.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(719) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 15.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(719) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 71, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 719 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 715 will be shown in the window of Mr. G. Smith, St. John's Post Office, Woking.

COMING FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 721—£3,000 AND HOLIDAY PRIZES.



70 BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES





TO-DAY! TOMORROW

TO-DAY You May Be Tired-Out. Exhausted. Listless and
Depressed and Full of Anxiety About Your Health!

TO-MORROW After taking 'Yeast-Vite' You
will Be Radiantly Healthy!

TO-DAY

**TIED,
ILL & DEPRESSED**

unable to benefit
from the food you
eat. Unable to
**ROUSE YOUR-
SELF TO EFFORT**
or to Concentrate
the Mind! These
Weakening,
Wearying, Ex-
hausting Symptoms
are evidence of
lack of Vitamins.



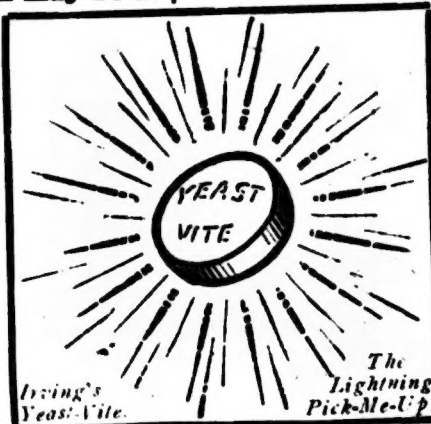
A veritable host of men and women
of all ages NOW feel that frighten-
ing **LANGOUR**, that persistent **IN-
ERTIA**, that Exhausting **LISTLESS-
NESS**. NOW your Blood may be at

its Weakest—Your
"Nerves" at their
worst. **SLEEP-
LESSNESS**—that
Dreaded Ordeal
of the Long and
Restless Hours of
the Night afflicts
countless thous-
ands, and **SHEER
BODILY DISOR-
DER** is respon-
sible for Frayed
Nerves, Unac-
countable irrita-

bility of
Temper, Acute Despon-
dency and the Hope-
less "Walking Night-
mare" idea that Per-
fect Health CAN

NEVER RETURN. Never was there
such a fallacy. **HERE AND NOW**
you can enjoy a **NATURAL SPRING
TONIC RESTORATIVE.** **HERE AND
NOW** You can emerge from the

Musty Shadows
of Ill-Health—
with the aid of
Yeast-Vite—into
the **SUNLIGHT
OF GLORIOUS,
RADIANT, IN-
VIGORATING
HEALTH!** Yeast-
Vite has **PROVED**
itself to be the
Greatest Vita-
min-Nutritive
and Builder-Up
of **SOUND
BRAIN, SOUND**



BODY and SOUND NERVES ever
offered to the Public. Its cost is
trifling. Its Better-Health Infl-
uence Profound—Potent—Powerful.
Accept our Great Offer **TO-DAY!**

Our Amazing Health Time-Table

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS - -	Glorious Relief	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES - -	Deliverance - -	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE - - -	Vim and Vigour	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION - -	Buoyant Energy	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES" - - -	Steadiness - -	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION - -	Keen Appetite -	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION - -	Animation - -	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS -	Calm Repose - -	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM - -	Pain Relief - -	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	Regularity - -	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD -	Purification - -	In 36 HOURS
ANÆMIA - - - -	Richer Blood - -	In 36/48 HOURS

**A NEW OUTLOOK
ON LIFE!**

TOMORROW

**RADIANTLY
HEALTHY!**

**Yeast
is
Life!**

**£1,000
GUARANTEE**

We Back
our Offer
with this
amazing
Guarantee.
Irving's
Yeast-Vite,
Ltd., Wat-
ford, Herts.

**NO CURE
NO PAY!**

Simply obtain a 1/3
bottle of Yeast-Vite
from any Chemist, and if
after actual personal test you
are not entirely satisfied
simply return the empty
carton with Government
stamp attached, and your
money will be refunded in full

**OUR
SECRET**

Irving's Yeast
Vite is com-
posed of Pure
Medicinal
Yeast (Sac-
charomycetis
Cerevisiae) Vit-
amins (especi-
ally Vitamin
B) and other
Tonic ingre-
dients.



IRVING'S Yeast-Vite TONIC TABLETS

From All Chemists Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Bottle.

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